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NOVEMBER 1946

The American Mercury

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VOLUME
LXIII

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The American MERCURY

ANTI-AMERICAN PROPAGANDA IN RUSSIA

By NEAL STANFORD

SOVIET propaganda is today deliberately creating the greatest ideological smoke screen the world has seen since Herr Goebbels went out of business.

On September 24 the Soviet radio broadcast to a worldwide audience the reply of Premier Stalin to a newspaperman's questions. His main points were:

1. There was no danger of a new war.
2. The capitalist countries could not "encircle" the USSR even if they wanted to.
3. Russia and the West could maintain a friendly relationship in spite of ideological differences.

Premier Stalin's statement was not the only view of the current world situation broadcast by Moscow radio at the time. Here are some quotations

from Soviet broadcasts made on the same day and the day following the Stalin broadcast:

1. "Anglo-American troops in non-enemy countries represent a threat to general peace. . . ."
2. "We need only review recent events to see that reactionary circles in the United States and Britain are planning to disrupt the postwar collaboration of the great powers and build up a bloc of one group of strong powers against the other."
3. "The high-sounding phrases lavished by the United States in respect of the sovereignty and independence of China are merely a smoke screen intended to hide from public opinion the real situation in China."

NEAL STANFORD is State Department correspondent and foreign affairs specialist of the Washington Bureau of the Christian Science Monitor.

Meanwhile *Pravda*, the official paper of the Communist Party, charged that "America's ruling party chiefs were plotting a new war"; the French were verbally spanked for showing "an indecent admiration for the Anglo-Americans"; and General McNarney was charged with hiding the truth about de-Nazification in the American Zone in Germany.

It is all too obvious, in short, that Soviet propaganda is following a deliberately confusing double line. What the Soviets broadcast to their own people is worth noting for the reason that the Soviet press and radio are, of course, official. They are as much weapons of the Communist Party and hence organs of the Kremlin as are the Soviet Army, Navy and Air Force. Indeed, they are Moscow's first weapons of offense. Anti-American propaganda on the Soviet radio and in the Soviet press cannot therefore be dismissed as the outpourings of an "irresponsible degenerate press," as the Soviets like to describe American journalism.

Analysis of Soviet press and radio material since V-J Day has shown a mounting crescendo of propaganda against the United States and Great Britain. Six main themes can be distinguished:

1. The United States, with Britain's assistance, is seeking world domination. Part of the plan is the formation of an anti-Soviet bloc into which other nations are being dragooned.
2. The only real defender of the

peace is the Soviet Union, which is also the only true protector of the small nations against the American menace.

3. The United States is reactionary and imperialistic. The people are being fed anti-Soviet propaganda.
4. The threat of the atomic bomb is being used by the United States to force its will on other peoples.
5. The Soviet Union won the war practically singlehanded, as witness the deliberate stall on the cross-channel invasion by the Western allies.
6. The Soviet Union is trying to get peace treaties written as quickly as possible, while the United States and Great Britain are using obstructionist tactics.

These themes, fantastic as they may appear to the American reader, are the daily backbone of the reading and listening material provided by the Soviet Union for its people. Soviet journalists who have been lax in following the current line have lately been purged in considerable numbers, as censored dispatches from Moscow reveal. The tone and content of this line were set by the Kremlin in a critique of the Soviet press, issued last July:

Comrade Stalin teaches us that the press is the most important weapon of our party.

It is known that imperialist circles of Britain and the United States are stretching their tentacles across seas and oceans and striving to subjugate entire countries and seize areas and bases.

We are dealing with new forms of im-

perialist expansion, dangerous for peace.

The Soviet press has not shown sufficient vigilance in unmasking these new intrigues of monopoly capitalism.

It behooves the press to expose those politicians who protect fascism; to unmask the warmongers; and finally resolutely to brand the imperialist policy and practice carried out under the semblance of showing care for democracy and order.

Some examples of the six main themes of Soviet anti-American propaganda are presented below. They could easily be amplified by cullings from any week's batch of editorials in Moscow's leading journals which are regularly included in the broadcasts Moscow sends out to its 190,000,000 people.

THEME I

The United States, with Britain's assistance, is seeking world domination. Part of the plan is the formation of an anti-Soviet bloc into which other nations are being dragooned.

1. "America's efforts toward world domination are becoming daily more clearly marked in her foreign policy. The world-domination tendencies become especially well marked and insistent when the United Nations representatives assemble to settle important international questions." — *Moscow radio, August 17.*
2. "The real meaning of the Anglo-American bloc lies in a desire for world domination. It is a plan for the establishment of world hegemony of the Anglo-Saxon countries that forms the basis of the under-
- standing. The desire of the Anglo-Saxon powers for world hegemony is a menace to the vital interest of all the freedom-loving nations." — *New Times, August 5.*
3. "Advocates of new imperialist domination of the world by one state have now acquired great weight. Unrestrained by their official positions, they are trumpeting plans of expansion and instigating new wars of aggression, irresponsibly disregarding the inglorious collapse of imperialist Germany and her plans of world dominion." — *Moscow radio, quoting Molotov, May 29.*
4. "International reactionary forces are having a baneful influence on the policy of the Anglo-Saxon powers. They are essentially hostile to international cooperation. They are scheming to undermine the very foundations of international cooperation. The root of the whole trouble is their determination to dominate the entire world." — *New Times, August 20.*
5. "The postwar program of the reactionary monopolist cliques in the United States and Britain calls for an offensive against democratic gains of the working class, an adventurous program of new imperialist expansion, a program of world domination of Anglo-Saxon imperialism." — *Bolshevik, August 14.*
6. "The real cause for obstacles and barriers to international collaboration is rooted in the desire of the

Anglo-Saxon powers, and countries of the Anglo-Saxon bloc which obediently follow them, to impose their will on other states." — *New Times*, August 15.

7. "The Anglo-American bloc [at the Foreign Ministers conference] conducted an offensive against the Soviet Union.

"Having formed a bloc in their desire to impose their will on the Soviet Union, the American and British delegations showed no desire to consider the legitimate wishes of the Soviet Union. The Foreign Ministers conference has shown the attempts of these states to impose their will on another state. . . .

"Mr. Byrnes attempted to utilize the methods of pressure, threats and intimidation. The uselessness of such intimidation in regards to the Soviet Union is evident.

"There is a desire in certain foreign circles to force the Soviet Union from the honorable place in international affairs which it justly occupies and to damage the international prestige of the USSR." — *Molotov interview, Pravda and Izvestia*, May 27.

THEME 2

The only real defender of the peace is the Soviet Union, which is also the only true protector of the small nations against the American menace.

1. "Two different trends in international relations are manifesting

themselves with increasing clarity. One is the desire to recognize the sovereign equality of all nations, big and small, and respect their legitimate rights. This is the policy of the Soviet Union. All success in international cooperation has been achieved this way. The other is the tendency deeply hostile to recognition of the sovereign equality of states. The fundamental question today is whether the Anglo-Saxon powers will cooperate on the basis of equality and recognition of other powers' legitimate interests." — *New Times*, August 20.

2. "In order to cover up the Anglo-American policy of cooperation, the reactionary section of the Anglo-American press is conducting a frenzied campaign of calumny against the Soviet Union. The Soviet Union, with its policy of strengthening peace and security, defending the national independence of all countries, and consistently exposing the warmongers, stands in the way of these aspirations of world domination." — *Soviet radio*, August 5.
3. "The USSR stands on guard for the peace and security of all peoples. It will not permit other states to impose their will upon it. The just, genuinely democratic character of Soviet foreign policy attracts the sympathies of democratic forces throughout the world and leads to the continual growth of the USSR's international authority." — *Bolshevik*, August 14.

THEME 3

The United States is reactionary and imperialistic. The people are being fed anti-Soviet propaganda.

1. "A struggle between democracy and reaction is developing throughout the world. Millions of simple people in the United States are openly expressing their dissatisfaction with the turn in the government's foreign policy toward 'atomic diplomacy' and disrupting collaboration with the great Soviet Union." — *Bolshevik, August 14.*
2. "The reactionary forces abroad have in their possession large material possibilities. They control the press, the radio, the movies which can be used for propaganda. The working class and the progressive forces in these capitalist countries have no such control of the resources of political propaganda. . . ." — *Moscow radio, August 9.*
3. "In the United States an offensive against the vital interests of the working class began right after the war's conclusion. Now reactionary imperialist groups are carrying out an unprecedented program of economic expansion, converting Japan into a domain of American capital, striving to subordinate China and the Pacific to the position of United States' spheres of influence, creating military establishments in the Middle East, penetrating Europe politically and economically, and building a worldwide system of

- bases." — *Bolshevik, August 14.*
4. "It is not an accident that the United States has retained, in the postwar period, strong armed forces such as she never before had in peacetime. The imperialist aims of the reactionary monopolist group in the United States are an outcome of the character of American monopoly capitalism." — *Moscow radio, August 16.*
 5. "At present there is a struggle going on in the whole world of progressive forces against reaction. In this struggle the reactionaries are basing themselves on obsolete ideas and theories. They are defending the capitalist theory and the rule of one nation over another. They are cherishing plans of new military adventure." — *Moscow radio, August 9.*

THEME 4

The threat of the atomic bomb is being used by the United States to force its will on other peoples.

1. "There is nothing new or original in America's campaign of intimidation. It is absolutely in line with the policy of those circles who put their hope not in international co-operation but on the atomic bomb." — *Moscow radio, August 17.*
2. "The atomic bomb, of course, is not produced in America for defense purposes. Production of the bomb accompanies talk of world domination. There is no doubt but that reactionary circles in the United States are trying to turn

atomic energy into a weapon for world domination. There is no doubt either that freedom-loving peoples must prevent the use of atomic energy as a means of launching a new imperialist war." — *Moscow radio, August 17.*

3. "The Bikini explosion indicates that the peoples of the world are not ready to bow before the possessors of the bomb, but are becoming increasingly convinced that the United States is conducting a hypocritical policy by calling for peaceful utilization of atomic energy on the one hand and conducting military maneuvers with the atom bomb on the other." — *Red Star, July 5.*

4. "The sole clearly-formulated point of the Baruch plan for atomic energy control is the demand for abolition of the principle of unanimity. This policy is attacked by those imperialist elements who regard the United Nations as an instrument of their expansionist policy, inspired by the crazy and dangerous idea of world domination by the Anglo-Saxon bloc." — *New Times, August 15.*

THEME 5

The Soviet Union won the war practically singlehanded, as witness the deliberate stall on the cross-channel invasion by the Western allies.

1. "Today we celebrate the day of victory over imperialist Japan. A year ago the Soviet people and its armed forces victoriously con-

cluded the war against imperialist Japan. Japan signed the act of unconditional surrender. The Soviet people and their armed forces won the victory. By so doing they made an enormous contribution toward world peace." — *Stalin, September 2.*

2. "Coordinated, merciless blows were inflicted on the enemy on land, sea and in the air. Following unsuccessful counterattacks, the large Japanese Kwantung Army ceased resistance, laid down its arms and surrendered to our forces. Forcing Japan to capitulate, the Soviet armed forces liberated our fatherland from the threat of Japanese invasion." — *Red Army, September 2.*

3. "The two principal enemies of the Soviet Union, Hitlerite Germany and imperialist Japan, have been smashed. Proud though we are of this great victory of the Red Army, we must remember Comrade Stalin's warning that it would be dangerous to become conceited or complacent. We must remember that capitalist encirclement exists." — *Moscow radio, February 14.*

4. "Anglo-American monopoly-capitalist circles, in the hope that the USSR would be weakened by a single-handed fight with Germany, urged the policy of delaying the opening of the second front upon government and military leadership." — *Bolshevik, August 14.*

5. "Gen. Devers and many other American officers believed that if attention were focused in that direction the British and Americans would be able to launch a blow across the Channel in the autumn of 1943. However, they came up against secret and open opposition from the British. [Ralph] Ingersoll [author of *Top Secret*] affirms that the British were successful in hampering and delaying the accomplishment of the cross-Channel invasion." — *Pravda*, April 24.

6. "A work has recently been published in London which fully confirms the deductions of Ingersoll, at any rate those dealing with the organization of the Second Front. It is the work of a modest major of the Royal Army Service Corps, John Dalglish. Dalglish's book manifestly shows that the organizers of the Second Front were in no hurry. They devoted much attention to every small detail of the forthcoming operation, except one: its timing." — *Pravda*, July 26.

THEME 6

The Soviet Union is trying to get peace treaties written as quickly as possible, while the United States and Great Britain are using obstructionist tactics.

1. "The conference has not achieved greater results because of organized efforts to draw it out artificially and to slow down the post-war settlement. It is not difficult to

see who pursues this policy. Events have clearly proved to the world that the conference is handicapped by the countries which act under the aegis of the United States and Britain. Some countries, the Soviet Union in the first place, are trying to solve as early as possible the problems set before the conference. Other delegations, headed by the British and the Americans, manifestly obstruct the progress of the conference and continue to try to impose the will of the Anglo-American bloc on the rest of the participants." — *Moscow radio*, August 25.

2. "Some delegations — in the first place, the Soviets — are working for a speedy solution of the problems confronting the conference. Other delegations, headed by the British and Americans, are plainly hampering the work of the conference and striving to put into effect a policy of rule by some powers over others. The position of the Soviet delegations has the sympathy and understanding of millions of people who seek a firm and lasting peace. Such people applaud the conduct of the Soviet delegation, which acts solely in the interest of justice." — *Moscow radio*, August 19.

3. "What is the reason the conference is dragging? People try to say what is wrong is the fault of the small countries. But the revolt of the small countries as staged by Mr. Evatt is a sheer piece of

opéra bouffe. After the speeches of the Soviet delegation, it is clear to everybody that the national interests of the small countries certainly have nothing whatsoever to do with the obstructionist tactics of Evatt and his like. Those countries are nothing more than instruments wielded by other powerful and influential sources which are interested in sabotaging the work of the conference." — *Moscow radio*, August 29.

These examples of Moscow's anti-American propaganda could be multiplied indefinitely. They are sinister as well as sensational because they are deliberate and official. They provide whatever proof is needed that Moscow ever since the end of World War II has been assiduously constructing an anti-American, anti-British ideology.

An analysis of Soviet anti-American

propaganda over the last few months, as put forward for Soviet consumption, reveals two significant twists: first, it has forsaken the thesis that Anglo-American rivalry is so deep-rooted and inevitable, as a result of imperialist conflicts, that Moscow could depend on playing London off against Washington, and *vice versa*; second, it has renounced the distinction it used to draw during the war between government policies in America and Britain and the policies of "reactionary circles" in Britain and America.

Only one conclusion seems possible. It is the conclusion that American officials have reluctantly been forced to accept: Moscow has deliberately been trying to extinguish among Russians in general and Communist Party members in particular any lingering idea or hope that friendly relations with the United States and Great Britain are possible.



TUNE FOR A DANCE

BY FRANCES FROST

INTO laughter, into grief,
the world is whirling like a leaf;
the world is growing sorry thin,
the world is dancing widdershin.

Into joy and into pain,
into peace and out again,
out of war and then back in,
the world is dancing widdershin.

SENATOR BILBO MEETS THE PRESS

The renomination, some months ago, of Senator Theodore G. Bilbo by the Democratic party of Mississippi assures his re-election, in that overwhelmingly Democratic state, to a third term in the United States Senate. That fact has brought forth vigorous comment from members of both major parties, and, indeed, it is no secret that many of Mr. Bilbo's colleagues in the Upper House do not look forward to six more years of his company. At this late date it is hardly necessary to outline his career or to comment upon it. But only a short while ago, in a broadcast of "Meet the Press," America's Press Conference of the Air, presented over the Mutual Network, he virtually wrote his own psychograph and did it in such a searching manner that it merits publication in its entirety. Its authority, of course, is unquestioned, since it is to so large an extent by Mr. Bilbo himself.

— THE EDITORS

MEET THE PRESS

Participants:

SENATOR THEODORE G. BILBO

BERT ANDREWS, New York *Herald Tribune*

CECIL B. DICKSON, Gannett Publications

ERNEST K. LINDLEY, *Newsweek*

LAWRENCE E. SPIVAK, Editor of
THE AMERICAN MERCURY

Presiding:

JACK PAGE, Mutual Broadcasting
System

ANDREWS: Senator, I'd like to go back to before this most recent election; I'd like to go back to the fact that some of the Washington correspondents of a magazine poll voted you — and I think this was the quote — "the worst man in the Senate." Do you agree with their opinion, sir?

BILBO: I heard that story, published in the press, and made an investigation, and found that it was absolutely untrue. It was an overheard conversation between two newspaper boys who were merely popping off.

LINDLEY: Senator Bilbo, did I gather that to be a plea of innocence of being the worst man in the Senate?

BILBO: I think the best judge of senatorial service in the United States Senate would be the people of Mississippi, and I am perfectly satisfied with their verdict every time I have asked for the job — three times.

LINDLEY: Senator, if you continue to plead innocent to that charge that Mr. Andrews reported, whom do you regard as the worst man in the Senate?

BILBO: Mr. Lindley, we have in the

Senate what is known as senatorial courtesy that forbids me from telling you what I think of some of my colleagues.

SPIVAK: Senator, your enemies have made a great deal of the charge that you accepted a bribe when you were state senator. What is your version of that affair?

BILBO: Well, my answer would be sharp and crisp, if I was permitted to speak as I would like to in answer to that question over the radio; but it's absolutely untrue. This did happen: I was a member of the state senate, and in a senatorial caucus that lasted fifty-seven days and nights, in the days when senators were elected by the legislatures instead of the popular vote of the people — this caucus was known as a secret caucus because the voting was secret, and in the campaign for the Senate at this time were a half a dozen or more outstanding citizens of the state, which was part of a conspiracy which has since been confessed by the son of the father who was elected as a result of this secret caucus — and in this caucus no one denies that there was great use of whisky, money and women — and in that caucus it was necessary to uncover and expose to the people of Mississippi just what had taken place. After a conference with the circuit judge of the district and leading citizens, among them some ministers of the Gospel, I agreed to find out just what they were doing, which I did, and ex-

posed it, carried it to the people of the state, and I was elected lieutenant governor over two opponents by a majority of about 29,000, which was the approval of the work I had done in the interests of good government.

SPIVAK: In view of what you have just said, how do you explain the fact that the members of the senate of Mississippi passed a resolution stating — and I quote — “He is unfit to sit with honest, upright men in a respectable legislative body and is hereby asked to resign.”

BILBO: That is perfectly understandable to a man who knows anything about partisan politics. Now, the state senate at that time, and in this fight over the senatorship, was about two-thirds for the man who was the beneficiary of the conspiracy that was carried out through the campaign by the use of all sorts of means to secure his election, and one-third more was supporting the man who lost, in whose interests I had made the exposé, and when they attempted to expel me because I had exposed their infamous doings, they failed. Not being able to expel me from the senate (they did have a majority), they proceeded in their wrath and anger and hatred toward me, because I had exposed what they had been doing, to bring about the election against the will of the people of the state; they proceeded to pass a resolution in which they used the language, Mr. Spivak, you have just quoted

over the air. But will you permit me, in justice, to read you what the following state senate did to that resolution? I won't read it all, but I will just read one paragraph: "Resolved, second, that guided by the fact that a man's neighbors know him best, attested by the unanimous vote of the folks of the county in which he resides, and also by the courteous and able manner in which he has discharged the duties of president of the senate, we have no hesitancy in giving expression to our confidence in the integrity, patriotism, honesty of purpose of Lieutenant Governor Bilbo, and we take this occasion to commend him as worthy and deserving of the confidence and esteem of all the good citizens of this Commonwealth." That resolution was voted unanimously by friend and foe in the senate.

SPIVAK: Senator, weren't you pretty well in control of the senate when that one was voted? That wasn't the same senate that voted the other resolution, was it?

BILBO: No, we had defeated every one of them in the election just held.

PAGE: Our panel seems to have a number of questions, Senator Bilbo. Mr. Dickson has had his hand up in the air for quite some minutes. Do you have a question here?

DICKSON: Senator, Senator Taft was quoted as saying in the Senate, and I quote: "I am shocked at the sudden outburst of hate and intoler-

ance against minority groups. There is no excuse for him, and he is a disgrace to the Senate. We have considered filing a petition to oust him by a two-thirds vote, but he would revel in the publicity of a trial. Of course, as a general thing, Senators cannot begin denouncing other Senators because they disagree with them, but certainly Bilbo is not on the same basis as any other Senator that I know of." What do you have to say to that statement by Senator Taft?

BILBO: Well, I have this to say: Senator Taft, as you know, is a very strong Republican, and he has played every string on the instrument in his effort to line up what we call the Pinks and the Reds and the off-brands of the political life of America, to further his interest as a candidate for the Presidency of the United States.

ANDREWS: Senator, do you think seriously that Senator Taft is after Communist support?

BILBO: Yes, sir. He'll take anything he can get. And then, a certain gentleman in New York — and I have his letter — wrote him a letter and asked him to write him a letter that he could publish. And Senator Taft coldbloodedly and deliberately wrote this as an attack on me, because he thought he was pacifying a segment of the vote in the state of New York, and in other sections of the country.

ANDREWS: Senator —

BILBO: Wait, I am not through with

Taft, yet. Now as for Mr. Taft: We know him in the Senate as the blah-blah-blah of the Senate. He is possibly the best-educated man in the Senate, but he is not smart. He speaks on every question that comes before the Senate, and has been voted down more than any man on the floor of the Senate. He reminds me —

ANDREWS: Even more than Senator Bilbo?

BILBO: — he reminds me — no, sir. No, sir.

ANDREWS: Are you about to nominate him as the worst Senator?

BILBO: Well, when I think of him, I think of a young mocking bird, just hatched out of his shell: all mouth and no bird at all. (LAUGHTER.)

DICKSON: Senator, do you keep bodyguards all the time, day and night?

BILBO: Mr. Dickson, I didn't understand the question.

DICKSON: Do you keep bodyguards with you all the time, day and night?

BILBO: I do not.

DICKSON: How many do you have with you tonight?

BILBO: I have my office force with me, the gentlemen in my office force who came in tonight; and then I have some other gentlemen who, after reading the story of the pickets and threats made by some speaker at the so-called mass meeting on last Monday night, in which they said that they wanted to meet here in front of this station and give Bilbo the kind of reception that

Washington had wanted to give Bilbo — and as a matter of precaution I did have someone escort me here tonight.

DICKSON: Are any of those men armed, Senator, just as a matter of curiosity?

BILBO: I did not examine them.

(LAUGHTER.)

SPIVAK: Senator, are you or have you ever been a member of the Ku Klux Klan?

BILBO: I have —

SPIVAK: Do you think —

BILBO: — I am a member of the Ku Klux Klan No. 40, called Bilbo, Bilbo Klan No. 40, Poplarville, Mississippi. I attended one meeting and have not attended it since, because I was not in sympathy with some of the things in it.

SPIVAK: Are you in sympathy with what the Klan stands for now?

BILBO: I don't know what the present Klan stands for. I'm not advised. But if you pardon me, I heard Governor Talmadge tell some newspapermen last Friday night, they could find out all about it by consulting Governor Arnall of Georgia. He is a member and received some kind of a plaque award as a member of the Klan.

ANDREWS: Do you think that Governor Arnall would get the Klan support now, Senator?

BILBO: How's that?

ANDREWS: Do you think Governor Arnall would get any Klan support now?

BILBO: No traitor of any organization,

or the Klan, ever got any support.

ANDREWS: Do you think you would get any Klan support now, sir?

BILBO: I do.

ANDREWS: You never left the Klan, in effect?

BILBO: No man can leave the Klan. He takes an oath to do that. He is — once a Ku Klux, always a Ku Klux.

SPIVAK: Senator, how can you take an oath to uphold the laws of your state and your country and be a member of an organization that secretly undermines those laws, as the Klan does?

BILBO: I am not informed that the Ku Klux Klan, as I know it, is seeking to undermine this government. It is only the Communist Party of the United States that is seeking to do that by force.

SPIVAK: Don't you think that any group that engages in lynching tends to undermine the laws of the government?

BILBO: I do not believe in lynch law, and as governor of the state I discouraged it — I was governor of my state for two terms, eight years — and I did everything in my power to do away with lynch law in my state. No good citizen of the South believes in lynch laws.

ANDREWS: Senator Bilbo, if you don't believe in lynch law, I wish you would explain in very simple terms to all of us what you meant by the statement that was several times attributed to you as having been made in campaign speeches down

there: that the way to stop Negroes from voting was to stop them the night before.

BILBO: Evidently, Mr. Andrews, you have been reading the *Saturday Evening Post* and *Collier's* and *Time* and *Life*, *PM* and the *Voice*, and *Amsterdam News* and the *New York News* —

ANDREWS: No, sir.

BILBO: — and others.

ANDREWS: No, sir, Senator, I have been reading the *Herald Tribune*. I have great faith in the *Herald Tribune's* honesty, and those quotes.

BILBO: The reporters may not be so reliable.

ANDREWS: I think that on this, sir, I would bet on the reporters' integrity against yours, because all of the reporters seem to agree on that particular quote. What did they all do: go out and manufacture it? Or what did you say that approximated that?

BILBO: I said the best time to keep a nigger away from a white Democratic primary in Mississippi was to see him the night before.

ANDREWS: Well, what did you mean by that? Doesn't that amount to lynch law to keep him away from the polls? To intimidate him?

BILBO: I did not, sir.

PAGE: Senator and others of the group, for the balance of the program we will have to ask you not to refer to any race, group or individual in any derogatory term.

BILBO: Very well.

SPIVAK: Senator —

BILBO: Wait a minute, I want to finish with Mr. Andrews. I meant by that, the time to keep a Negro from voting in a white Democratic primary in which, under the law, he had no right to vote, was to see him and advise with him the night before and tell him that he had no right, because I read the law, in practically every speech I made, passed in 1942, that disqualified every Negro in Mississippi from voting in our white Democratic primary. And I've got a copy of that law here.

ANDREWS: Wasn't that in effect to intimidate any Negroes who might have differed with your interpretation of the law and to keep them from the polls?

BILBO: Well, you can call it what you may. It's good diplomacy and good strategy to keep them from voting.

SPIVAK: Senator, do you believe in the Constitution of the United States? Did you as a Senator take an oath to uphold that?

BILBO: I have, repeatedly, sir, both as state senator, lieutenant governor, twice governor, and two times Senator.

SPIVAK: Do you remember Article XV, which says, "The right of a citizen to vote shall not be denied or abridged by the United States or by any state on account of race, color, or previous condition of servitude"? Did you take an oath to uphold the Fifteenth Amendment?

BILBO: Notwithstanding the fact that

the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments were adopted through fraud, I did take an oath to uphold it, and I am upholding it. I have not violated it.

SPIVAK: Do you believe, when you speak as you did in your primary, you are upholding the Fifteenth Amendment?

BILBO: I certainly was. There was nothing in violation of that provision of the Constitution in anything that I said; and I said further that it was the duty of every white Democrat in Mississippi to resort to every means within the law to keep the Negro from voting in our primary, because they were not qualified to vote.

LINDLEY: Senator Bilbo, once, I believe, perhaps more than once, you boasted on the floor of Congress that you ran for statewide office without ever having mentioned the Negroes or the race question. I don't know which of your several races you referred to. I suppose you got elected; you usually do. I wonder why you changed your tactics and have made the race question such a prominent thing in your campaign?

BILBO: Mr. Lindley, that's a very fine question, and it's timely and pertinent. That's true, I was elected state senator and lieutenant governor and twice governor and twice United States Senator, and never discussed the race question, had nothing to say, because, you must understand, in Mississippi the Ne-

gro has not voted in the white Democratic primary, in Mississippi, for fifty-six years; and it was just in this campaign that the CIO-PAC announced that they were setting aside a million dollars to organize the people of my state, in the South, in an effort to have the Negroes to participate in our white primary under the Texas law.

ANDREWS: Well, Senator — have you finished?

BILBO: And not only that. The activities of certain segments of our population, and certain organizations in our country, in their attempt to have the Negro to vote in our white Democratic primary, has been so evident and so persistent until the time had come for me to discuss an issue that was facing my people, if we proposed to hold and retain white control within our state, which we propose to do.

ANDREWS: Senator, leaving out the CIO and the PAC, hasn't the Supreme Court of the United States also upheld the right of the Negroes to vote in the white primaries?

BILBO: Yes. I think Hugo Black wrote an opinion in the Texas case that gave the Negroes the right. By the way, the Southern Conference for Human Welfare gave him a banquet here and gave him a plaque, and one of the speakers on the occasion intimated that's why they were doing it, because of that opinion that he had delivered, giving the Negro a right to vote in the

white Democratic primaries of the state of Texas.

ANDREWS: But then, in effect, sir, you don't recognize the Supreme Court's right to say what is constitutional and what is not constitutional?

BILBO: I'm not taking issue, and I said in all my speeches in this campaign that under the decisions of the Supreme Court, the Negro was qualified to vote in the primaries of Mississippi. But in 1942, the legislature in Mississippi passed a law, which they had a right to, that prohibited the Negro from voting at this time in our white Democratic primaries.

ANDREWS: Governor, you have had a white Democratic —

BILBO: Wait a minute. And this law provides that no party could vote in any primary, whether Democratic, Republican or Socialist, unless he had been in accord with that party in which he sought a chance to vote in for the last two preceding years, and there wasn't a Negro in Mississippi that could qualify under that law. Now, I was only trying to be law-abiding when I was trying to keep the Negro from voting in this primary.

ANDREWS: But when they are not allowed to vote in this primary or another primary a year from now, how could they ever qualify under that law?

BILBO: They'll never qualify to vote in the white Democratic primaries in Mississippi, because we are going

to abolish the primary under the opinion of the Supreme Court and hold our own party elections so the Supreme Court can't monkey with our business.

SPIVAK: Senator, are you very proud of what white supremacy has done in your state? I have before me a quotation from a Pulitzer prize winner, Hodding Carter, publisher of the *Greenville, Mississippi, Times* — and I quote — he says: "My state is at or near the bottom of the list in literacy, venereal disease, low income per person, public health, unpunished crimes of violence, including lynching." Is that what white supremacy has done in the state of Mississippi?

BILBO: Mr. Spivak, I'm glad you brought up Mr. Carter's name, because it gives me an opportunity to tell you that he is the biggest liar in the South, and the A-number-1 quisling and betrayer and traitor to the South.

SPIVAK: Well, Governor —

BILBO: Now wait a minute; I'm not through. When he makes a statement, and when any newspaper makes a statement — and I regret very much that they don't stop to analyze the situation — when they talk about the low standards of the people of Mississippi, they predicate that by lumping the Negro race into our white population and consider them all together, which gives us a low rating. But, if you take the white people of Mississippi, the standard of the citizenship in lit-

eracy and in information and intelligence and patriotism is above the citizenship of Pennsylvania, New Jersey, New York or Massachusetts. Now I have campaigned in all those states, or part of them (I made three campaigns through Pennsylvania) and I think I know people when I speak to them.

DICKSON: Senator —

BILBO: Let me go a little further. We have in Mississippi the finest school system of any state in the Union. We have a half a dozen state-supported higher educational institutions — five, I believe it is — we have twelve junior colleges, and we have quite a bunch of agricultural high schools; and all our schools are graded schools, are consolidated, and the students are hauled to these schools, which gives us a very high percentage of literacy and general intelligent information.

SPIVAK: Governor, do you know the average of illiteracy — I just want to get this thing in — the average of illiteracy in the country is 14 per cent but Mississippi is 30 per cent?

DICKSON: Senator —

BILBO: Wait until I get through with Mr. Spivak. I just got through telling you that the Negro is counted in on the rating of Mississippi's literacy —

SPIVAK: These figures are on the whites.

BILBO: — Now, if you take the Negro out, if you take the white people alone, you will find they rate higher

than Pennsylvania, New Jersey or Massachusetts.

SPIVAK: The figures I gave you were only on the whites.

DICKSON: Right here, Senator, in the median scores of the AEF intelligence test, Southern whites of Mississippi scored 41.2 while Negroes of New York scored 45.02. How do you reconcile your white supremacy theory with the fact that on an AEF intelligence test, Negroes living in the North showed a higher intelligence rating than did the whites of Mississippi?

BILBO: I recognized that by knowing all the time that it's not true. I've heard it, seen it, read it.

ANDREWS: In fact, anything that you don't agree with is either manufactured by some reporter or it is just plain not true; is that it?

BILBO: No, sir! I'll back up my statements.

LINDLEY: Senator, what do you mean by "white" in connection with the "white" race? Do you include people of Italian descent as among the people of the white race?

BILBO: Most certainly. When I speak of the white race, I am not speaking about nationalities like Italians and Poles and Jews. We are all of the white race. When I speak of white and black, I am talking about the white races, and the white race, which has lots of nationalities in it, and I think of them as white, as contrasted with the Africans in our citizenship.

LINDLEY: Didn't you, within recent

months, address a letter to a person of Italian descent in which you saluted this person as "Dear Dago"?

BILBO: I did.

DICKSON: What was the idea, Senator?

BILBO: Mr. Dickson, I am sorry that you gentlemen haven't kept up on my former statements.

DICKSON: Inform us, please.

BILBO: I'll do it. While I was fighting the FEPC, which is a Communistic concoction — the purpose underlying it all is the integration of the Negro into the white race and forcing them to associate together in the offices and the shops of the nation; that is the underlying purpose behind FEPC — I received a very insulting letter from a lady in New York, and she was very particular to tell me in her letter that she was neither a Negro or a Jew. Well — well, her letter was so insulting; she said she wasn't a Negro and she wasn't a Jew. I used an old Southern phrase that we always use when we speak of certain classes of Europeans: I just said "My dear Dago." And in that letter I said: "In this case if I am mistaken, please inform me." Now, I have never had a reply from her. She seemed to accept it without any correction, because I asked her in the salutation to give me a correction, which she did not.

LINDLEY: Senator, on April 26th —

BILBO: Wait a minute. Now in that connection, I want to say that I have no prejudices whatever against

the Italian people, because all the Italians in Mississippi support me, and all the high-class Jews support me.

LINDLEY: You have no prejudice against the Jews, either?

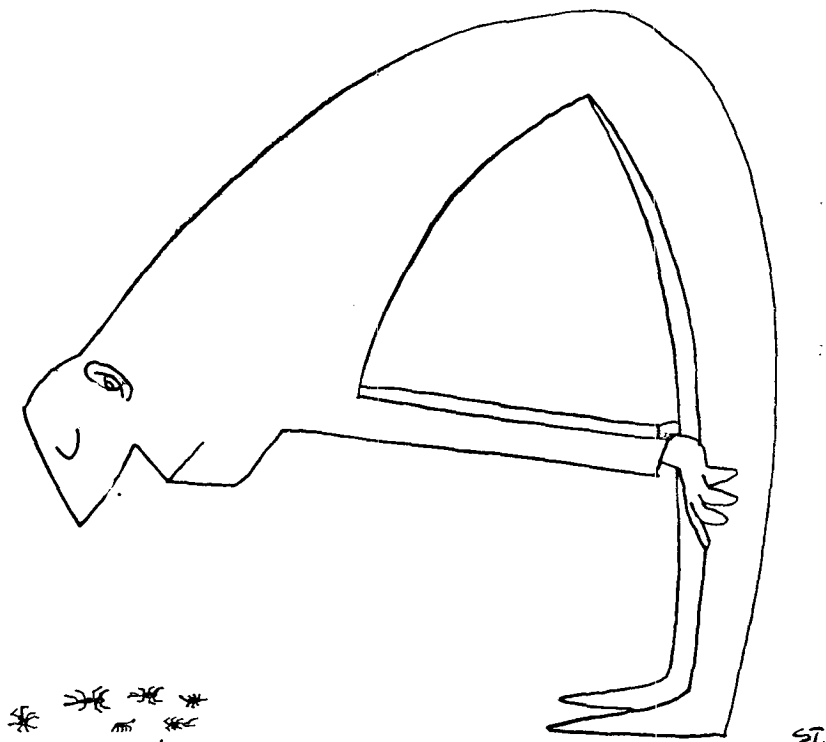
BILBO: No, sir, I have not, sir.

LINDLEY: On April 26th, according to the *Congressional Record*, you referred to some of the recent immigrants to this country as being

the rabble of war-torn Europe. To whom did you refer?

BILBO: Well, I mean in comparison with the standards of our white people of America, with our education and culture and refinement and development. These people who were brought over here, some of them, were rabbles.

PAGE: Gentlemen, I am sorry, but our time is up.



WILL THE ELECTIONS FORECAST 1948?

By LOWELL M. LIMPUS

PREDICTING election results is a risky business. Predictions have a nasty habit of boomeranging about, as soon as the returns are in, and coming back to confound the unhappy prophet. They frequently leave him wishing he had kept his mouth shut, and thankful that the public has a very short memory. Nevertheless, three predictions can be made this year with almost complete certainty of their accuracy. They run as follows:

1. The Republican party will win a considerable number of additional seats in the House of Representatives in November.
2. These gains will be promptly and eloquently hailed, by GOP leaders and "experts," as indicating a "trend" which will be described as demonstrating that the country is swinging back to the GOP; and it will be prophesied that a Republican President will be elected in 1948.
3. Those prophecies will mean nothing.

It is reasonably safe to make this triple forecast. All political analysts

know that these things will almost certainly happen. These predictions are based on three familiar basic political rules:

1. The "Outs" almost always gain House seats at midterm.
2. The resultant gains have always been greeted as the first wave of a rising tide that is bound to sweep on to victory two years later.
3. Most frequently these predictions have turned out to be wrong.

The foregoing conclusions are based on an analysis of the House election returns for more than half a century. They repay a little study because they are the basis for a series of political axioms with which most professional politicians, but not the general public, are thoroughly familiar.

II

Since 1894, with only one exception, the party not holding the Presidency has registered quite solid gains at every midterm election. In reviewing what happened to the Outs at midterm elections, we shall ignore the handful of seats won by minor third

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parties and deal simply with the net gains and losses resulting from the change in pluralities registered by one major party over the other. Here are the figures:

Year	Outs	Seats gained
1894	Republicans	236
1898	Democrats	50
1902	Democrats	16
1906	Democrats	56
1910	Democrats	113
1914	Republicans	125
1918	Republicans	40
1922	Democrats	150
1926	Democrats	20
1930	Democrats	98
1938	Republicans	151
1942	Republicans	92

It should be noted that there was a single failure to register the usual gain, when the Republicans *lost* 23 seats in 1934, and that this was followed two years later by the most crushing defeat sustained by the Outs during the entire period.

What happened in the Presidential and House elections which followed, two years afterwards, the midterm gains of the Outs? Here the record stands as follows:

Year	Seats won or lost by Outs	Presidency
1896	-70	won
1900	-35	lost
1904	-83	lost
1908	+11	lost
1912	+97	won
1916	+44	lost
1920	+112	won
1924	-46	lost
1928	-62	lost
1932	+202	won
1936	-25	lost
1940	-12	lost
1944	-40	lost

In short, the making of midterm gains is not a good indication that the gainers will maintain their trend by capturing more House seats and winning the Presidency at the next election. It has been done only three times in the entire period, by the Republicans in 1920 and twice by the Democrats, first in 1912, and then again in 1932. Nine times the Outs failed to win the Presidency.

Is there some connection between the *extent* of the gains and the results in the ensuing Presidential election? Does winning *a lot* of seats provide a favorable indication of what will happen two years later? Two tables supply the figures:

I. Seats gained at midterm, when the Outs lost the next Presidential election:

Year	Midterm gains
1898	50
1902	16
1906	56
1914	125
1922	150
1926	20
1938	151
1942	92

II. Seats gained at midterm, when the Outs won the next Presidential election:

Year	Midterm gains
1894	236
1910	113
1918	40
1930	98

These figures seem to be very confusing. On the one hand, the Outs

have managed to win the Presidency following a midterm gain of as few as 40 seats — and to lose it after piling up a lead of more than 150. On the other hand, they have lost the Presidency after a gain of 125 and won it following one of only 113. Let us analyze further:

Following gains up to 50 seats, the Outs won the Presidency in 1920, but lost it in 1900, 1904, and 1928.

Following gains of 50 to 100 seats, the Outs won the Presidency in 1932, but lost it in 1908 and 1944.

Following gains of more than 100 seats, the Outs won the Presidency in 1896 and 1912 but lost it in 1916, 1924 and 1940.

Thus the extent of the midterm victory doesn't appear to be very significant. When the Outs gained less than 50 seats, they lost three out of the four ensuing Presidential elections; when their gain was 50–100 seats, they lost two out of three. Even when their gain was more than 100 seats, they still lost three out of five.

The odds are three to one against the Outs if they win less than 50 seats, two to one if the gain is between 50 and 100 and three to two if it is more than 100. In any case, it is safe to say that the Outs are liable to lose the next Presidency no matter how many seats they win.

One possibly significant fact stands out. It will be noted that the smallest net changes were scored by the Outs in the years 1902, 1918 and 1926, when their gains amounted to 16, 40 and 20, respectively. There may be some con-

nection between those relatively insignificant gains and the landslide victories scored in 1904, 1920 and 1928 by Theodore Roosevelt, Warren G. Harding and Herbert Hoover.

In two out of these three cases, when the Outs had made relatively minor midterm gains, or none at all, the Ins promptly swept to a crushing victory two years later. The exception was 1918, when the Republicans gained only 40 seats but went on to elect Harding in 1920.

We might therefore be justified in hazarding a rather tentative conclusion that the Outs generally have to register *big* gains in order to *have a chance* to win the succeeding Presidential election — but that is just about as far as we can reasonably go. They might possibly win without them, as the Republicans did in 1918 and 1920.

But even if they do make big gains, that doesn't necessarily mean that they *will* win. As a matter of fact, they lose more often than they win. Without big gains they seem to have very little chance at all.

III

What about the claim that a midterm victory indicates a trend which means control of the House two years later? Is that in the same category with the White House results?

Again we must have recourse to the figures:

I. Seats lost in ensuing Presidential elections by midterm gainers:

<i>Year</i>	<i>Seats gained midterm</i>	<i>Seats lost next time</i>
1894	236	70
1898	50	33
1902	16	83
1922	150	46
1926	20	62
1938	151	12
1942	92	40

II. Seats lost in ensuing Presidential election by midterm losers:

<i>Year</i>	<i>Seats lost midterm</i>	<i>Seats lost next time</i>
1934	23	25

III. Seats gained in ensuing Presidential election by midterm gainers:

<i>Year</i>	<i>Seats gained midterm</i>	<i>Seats gained next time</i>
1906	56	11
1910	113	97
1914	125	44
1918	40	112
1930	98	202

These figures, too, are confusing. The Outs have managed to win additional House seats after a midterm gain of 56, and to lose them after a gain of 50; to win them after a gain of 98 and to lose them after a gain of 92. But we can correlate these figures with those of the Presidential races:

The Outs, who had gained seats at midterm, promptly lost others and lost the Presidency as well in 1900, 1904, 1924, 1928, 1940 and 1944.

The Outs, who had gained seats at midterm, went on to gain others in 1908 and 1916 — but they lost the White House race just the same.

The Outs, who had gained seats at midterm, lost them in 1896, but managed to win the Presidency in spite of the loss.

The Outs, who had gained seats at midterm, made additional gains in 1912, 1920 and 1932 — and won the Presidency at the same time.

The Outs, who had lost seats at midterm, then lost others, as well as the White House, in 1936.

All this seems to add up to the fact that any “trend” based on the result of House gains at midterm is apt to prove very uncertain indeed.

We should therefore be prepared to read the 1946 returns with the following principles in mind:

1. The Republicans should gain quite a number of additional House seats. (If they don't, they aren't apt to be in the running two years from now.)
2. If they win only a few dozen additional seats, it will be a very bad sign, indicating a grim Republican prospect for 1948.
3. If they win an impressive number, the victory still proves nothing.

All this reinforces the predictions made earlier in this article: that the morning after election should reveal a considerable Republican gain in the House. As for the howls of glee with which the “victory” will be greeted, it isn't necessary to devote space to proving that this will happen. It has always happened before.

MY UNCLE JIM

By W. A. S. DOUGLAS

CONFRONTED by my Uncle Jim these days I suppose I would regretfully have to catalogue him as a big-hearted, useless bum. But he was the gaudy, gallant hero of my childhood days and even of my youth. As a little boy, at a time when other little boys were making plans to be prize fighters, soldiers, policemen or pirates, I had charted my course: I would grow up to be another Uncle Jim — and I didn't miss by very much accomplishing that purpose.

Between the time that I was five and the time I reached twelve Uncle Jim returned to the house of his ancestors four times; this was an ancient mansion perched on a rock in the wildest portion of the northern Irish coast. In spite of the fact that my father soon tired of him — or rather, he soon tired my father — Uncle Jim was always a welcome guest, at first: he entered triumphantly, but he departed ignominiously.

From the best bedroom, prepared for him with a flourish, my father's youngest brother would work his way, slowly but surely, to a broken-down couch in one of the huge, gloomy

attics. From a seat at my father's right at the dinner table, Uncle Jim would slide eventually to a chair in the kitchen, dipping ravenously into the dishes as they came from upstairs. He plunged also from the honorable status of a man with the whisky decanter always at his elbow to a thief in the night, hunting my father's bottle — my father was a two-fisted drinker but always master of himself — hoping against hope that a wee drappie had been left.

Uncle Jim was a gorgeous liar, a famous story-teller in a land where story-telling and lying, so long as the lying does no man any harm, are favorite entertainment. He was tall, dark, with a sweeping cavalry mustache, and had been cashiered from the army because the colonel's wife, to hear my uncle tell it, had fallen in love with him and he was too much of a gentleman to ignore her.

I was barely eight at the time of Uncle Jim's second visit. He had come back from Australia, that time, and after he wore out his welcome my father, as usual, bought him a ticket — to Canada — together with

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a modest bank draft. I watched the wearing-out of that welcome.

There was a river that wandered past the foot of our garden, a river that was borne on sleeping mountains, mountains that rolled down to the sea; around the river's edge were low sandhills with hollows just made for courting. Uncle Jim had worked himself down to the kitchen and was enjoying himself, for he was a very adaptable man. My father had not yet shut off the door to the cellar; so there was whisky merely for the drawing from the barrel. And there was a cute little housemaid who couldn't keep her eyes off the tall ex-cavalryman.

"I'm better off down here than I was upstairs," I heard Uncle Jim tell the assembled help as he and they gathered round the kitchen table. "Here I get respect, food and drink, while upstairs my brother delights to humiliate me. And" — turning to the pretty little housemaid — "there was never anything lovelier than you in any gentleman's dining room."

That I heard — and the next afternoon, hunting my tarnished hero, I saw the little housemaid heading rather furtively through the garden. Sure enough, Uncle Jim was waiting on the other side of a wicket gate which led to a bridge over the river and so to the sandhills. I crept behind them but they were so concerned with each other that they paid no heed to the little boy behind.

"Can I take your hand, Janet," I heard my uncle say. "It's happier walking that way."

She gave him her hand and they walked on across the bridge.

"How old are you, Mister Jim?" asked the little housemaid.

"Older than God, I do believe, Janet dear," he replied. He was forty. "I'm sixty-five if I'm a day, if you want to know. Does it make any difference?"

"Oh, indeed no," she cried, looking up at him. "Indeed no, no indeed."

They walked into a little valley between two sandhills. Instead of holding her hand Uncle Jim now had his arm around the girl. Something told me I had gone as far as I should. A few weeks later I walked into my mother's very private little room and there was Janet crying and my mother holding her and comforting her. Uncle Jim had left hurriedly several days before this. The little maid left too, soon after that.

THE first story Uncle Jim told me was in the dead of winter. I was five at the time and we were sitting in a big bay window which looked out over the rocks to the sea. On a clear day you could see Scotland from that window. There were snowflakes falling, the first flakes of that winter.

"That's Bridget's snow," observed my uncle, putting a match to his pipe as he stared out of the big window. "The tears of the angels."

He poured himself out some whisky and water. He had lately arrived from the Malay States where he had been managing a rubber plantation. This was the first time I had met my uncle;

knowing him but two weeks I was already his abject slave.

"Yes," he went on, pulling at his pipe, "those white flakes you see out there are angels' tears. This Bridget woman was so beautiful that in order to avoid offers of marriage and other temptations she implored the Lord God to make her ugly. The prayer was granted and she retired from the world and built herself a cell under an oak tree. And the place where her cell was came to be called Kill-dara, or the cell of the oak. And now it's all the country of Kildare where they train and breed the finest horses in the world. Bridget came to be a saint."

"And why are the angels crying, Uncle Jim?" I asked. "Wasn't she happy as a holy woman?"

"Oh, very happy, very happy indeed," he replied, "but the angels, while agreeing that what she did was the right thing, were so sorrowful over her losing her wonderful beauty that they would get to crying whenever they thought about it; and that would generally be about the beginning of the winter when they wouldn't have so much to do and would get to thinking long over her loveliness and the loss of it."

("Thinking long" means harking back to some melancholy occurrence and so stirring emotions to deep sorrow and maybe to tears.)

"How can you tell when the angels begin worrying?" I asked.

"Well, it's this way," said Uncle Jim, leaning forward and lowering his

voice. "I'll talk low, for if your father came creeping up like he has the habit sometimes he'd abuse me for putting notions into your little head. It's this way. Whatever stir there may be goes — goes, just like that —" Uncle Jim spread both hands outward to denote the departure of all "stir."

"Like the night before Christmas?" I whispered back.

"Not at all, not at all," he replied fiercely. "It's the wind that goes quiet; the wind of a winter's day. It's a peculiar quiet that people like me can tell — and maybe you, if you study it like I have. The angels have begun to think long about Bridget and the loveliness of her. And the wind, out of respect for their deep sorrow, gets as still as death. And everything goes warm around you, in the big house here, or in the stables out there, or in the fields back of us. There's a warmth and a quiet that comes from the snowflakes as they fall from the eyes of the angels. That's why the first snowfall is always warm snow. Now will you remember that?"

"I will," I said — and I have, though I have forgotten countless other matters and other stories.

WHEN I was nine years old, Uncle Jim, on good behavior, persuaded my parents to let me take a jaunt with him to Scotland, across the water. We visited the ruined halls of the Palace of Linlithgow which was for many years the principal home of the Stuart kings. And as we strolled along he re-peopled it for me with

bloodily-inclined ancestors of our own, with unhappy, weak monarchs, with lovely women, with Hamiltons, Murrays, Camerons, Campbells, McDonalds, McDonnells, Frazers and the rest of the cavalcade of Highland giants and Lowland schemers.

Uncle Jim took me through the roofless banqueting hall, pausing before the fireplace, big enough for the roasting of two oxen at a time. And we came to a winding stair which ended in a turret room.

"I know," I said as we crossed the threshold, "this is where Mary, Queen of Scots, was born."

"Wrong," replied my uncle. "It is part of the scene of an even greater tragedy for Scotland. This was Margaret's bower."

AND then he told me the story of a young and even more beautiful Queen of Scotland than was Mary — Margaret, wife of James IV, who fell in battle against the English at Flodden Field. It was at the window of the turret room that Margaret, "all lonely sat and wept the weary hour" as she waited in vain for her young and handsome husband to return at the head of a victorious Scots army. But he never came around the loch and over Bonnytown Hill for, as she waited, he lay dead with twelve Scots earls, eighteen lords, fifty knights and ten thousand men around him.

"Well," said my uncle resignedly as we went down the narrow staircase, "there's some good come out of the worst happenings. The Battle of Flod-

den inspired Jane Elliott to write the most beautiful, the most heartrending lament in Scots minstrelsy."

I asked him what it was, explaining that I was only a little boy and could not be expected to know everything.

"The 'Flowers of the Forest'," he replied. "A lament that is a living sorrow. It carries in its words all the tears of the Queen of Scotland and those of all the Scots women whose men fell at Flodden. And while we're at it we'll remedy your lamentable condition of ignorance. Come out of the palace with me."

I followed him onto the rampart which was below Queen Margaret's turret room. And with my eyes on the blue water and on the hill of victory which turned into a hill of sorrow as ragged, bleeding men topped its heights, and so came into the Queen's view, I learned from my uncle, verse by verse, the greatest of all laments:

*I've heard them liltin', at the ewe-milkin',
Lasses o' liltin', before the dawn of day;
But now they are moaning on ilka green
loanin';*

*The flowers o' the forest are a wede awae,
We'll hear nae mair liltin', at the ewe-
milkin';*

*Women and bairns are heartless and wae;
Sighin' and moaning on ilka green loanin' —
The flowers o' the forest are a' wede awae.*

THE last afternoon I spent with Uncle Jim — I was barely twelve at the time — we were lying, the two of us, on the warm grass atop a cliff which pointed out over the blue sea, to Scotland. Around us were the ruins of Dunseverick Castle where, legend

has it, St. Patrick himself had been housed and fed for as long as he had cared to stay by the great Connall Cearnach, Chief of the Clan O'Cahan.

"Connall," observed Uncle Jim as he filled his pipe, "was a more hospitable man than your father."

He was leaving the next morning for South Africa — by request. I knew he didn't want to go. For he was getting older and sort of weary of the wanderings and the wars too, for he never missed one, whether as private soldier or commissioned officer.

"That woman over there is going with me," he went on, pointing with his pipe at a filthy old hag who sat all day by a well said to have been blessed by St. Patrick. She made her living selling glasses of "lucky water" to the tourists on their way to the Giant's Causeway, nearby.

"Why Uncle Jim!" I remonstrated. "You wouldn't take dirty old Mary with you, would you?"

"There is where you make a grave mistake," he replied. "But you are a very small boy and you haven't as yet gathered an understanding of romance or even of history. Mary is neither old nor dirty. She is a young and beautiful woman, a real O'Cahan and the rightful owner of this land we're resting on instead of that cruel man, your father. There's a curse on her, that's all. And I'm going to lift it if it's the last thing I do. Indeed, I owe the world one good deed."

"How will you do it?" I asked.

"By marrying her," he replied simply. "An O'Cahan girl betrayed

the clan four hundred years ago for love of one of the enemy. That's her right there and I know she's full of repentance. Wouldn't anybody be after four hundred years of thinking? She was condemned to sit by the well, old and ugly, until a young and handsome man came along and asked her to be his wife. Then, and then only, would she be returned to youth and to marvelous beauty."

"But Uncle Jim," I said with child-like candor — and cruelty, "you're not young and you're not handsome."

I remember that he looked at me quite a while before he replied.

"I have been," he said at last. "To many, my boy. And I still am — to Mary. Just keep your mouth shut about it."

I PROMISED — and he went away from me the next morning, waving his farewell as the tears streamed from my eyes. But old Mary stayed — or seemed to stay. So I wrote to Uncle Jim in Johannesburg, reminding him that he had not done the right thing by her. In time there came a reply which read in part:

"That's just an impostor who has taken Mary's place. I have her here with me and she is even more beautiful than I thought she was going to be."

A year later my Uncle Jim was shot dead in the Golddiggers' Saloon in Johannesburg. He died defending the honor of the barmaid — but at the inquest it came out that the barmaid had had no honor worth defending, never mind dying for.

REMINISCENCES OF TOM WOLFE

BY L. RUTH MIDDLEBROOK

MY FIRST recollection of Tom Wolfe is that of a giant Ariel in policeman's shoes and incongruous Byronic ringlets that swirled low to the nape of his neck. It goes back to the latter 1920s. The man who had a chance, Sinclair Lewis once thought, to become "the greatest American writer of all time," had already written the trunk-full of story from which Maxwell Perkins, of Scribner's, was to rescue 150,000 words for *Look Homeward, Angel*. As he sat there that evening on a chair that seemed precariously small for his massive frame and we kept slicing away at the huge roast on the table, I knew that Thomas Wolfe was a man who would not be lost, but I also could not help sensing even then that he was struggling fiercely against time and the bitter weather of his own mind. When I last saw him, ten years later, it was again at a table piled with a good New England dinner at the home of a courageous young publisher, who idolized Wolfe as the kind of writer he would someday attract to his tiny little book house in Greenwich Village. Wolfe's locks

were gone, but he was still wearing policeman's shoes.

Solicitous women always feared that he never ate enough of the "right" foods, but my recollection of him is that of an engaging giant forever demolishing a plank steak with abundant relish. All the time he was eating he would talk so hard and fast that he never remembered whether it was a second or a seventh helping he had had. Suddenly, the platter empty, he would rise like a bewildered child, embarrassed that the table had been swept clean. He would stretch the full six feet, six inches length of himself — like Adam taking his first mortal breath — and struggle with his shirt tail, which by this time hung like an abbreviated apron around his middle. His vest rose three inches above his trousers, and his coat sleeves struggled to reach his wrists. His clothes never made connection, summer or winter; somehow, he never managed to find store clothes long enough for him, and I doubt that he would have had a tailor even if he could have afforded one.

Conversation with Tom Wolfe was

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good but never profound save as it was deeply intimate and always intensely personal. When he came to dinner, it was distinctly his evening. In the earlier years, the time of his first novels, he would talk about his bountiful publisher (always affectionately and gratefully); his shrewd literary agent; the social evenings he attended, frequently against his will; his mother, his sister, his home town; Fred Koch, his drama teacher at North Carolina, whom I happened also to know; Harvard; and his own teaching at New York University.

One subject, however, we learned to leave untouched when Wolfe was around. It is painful and disappointing to recall even at this distance in time and memory, and yet it was as much Tom Wolfe as his tremendous hands or his deep black eyes. He himself never saw reason to apologize for his feelings on the subject, nor do his books belie it. To put it quickly: on the question of the Negro in the white man's world, Thomas Wolfe believed that the Negro had his place and if he didn't know it, it was only because of the "studied insincerities" of white folk who knew no better.

One evening as he was waiting to catch an already crowded elevator for his class — he preferred evening classes at the college — he observed that the operator, a Negro, was rather surly in his handling of the students, all of them white. Wolfe raged in silence during his ride up and conducted his class without incident for the next hour. But apparently he was only

nursing his wrath to keep it warm, because once the bell rang and the hour ended, he stomped out of his class room, walked down seven flights of stairs, never again to use "any elevator operated by that blankety-blank nigger."

A volcano of rage and frustration, he seized my husband, who had had a class next to his, and walked him all the way from the New York University building at Washington Square to the Harvard Club, a good three miles, muttering oaths and threats on what he would do about a "nigger" who "told off" white people, women in particular. (Of course, he never would.) Towering above crowds, gyrating across streets in defiance of all traffic appeals, he was a law and attraction unto himself. It was always a miracle to us that he escaped death by violent accident.

Once inside the Club, his pent-up rage released, his say said, he returned to himself, the whole subject over and done with — until another incident caught him off guard. If coming North widened his intellectual horizon, it apparently could do nothing about his Deep-South reflexes.

ANOTHER thing. You could no more get angry at Tom Wolfe than you could at a child. One day, in the dead of night, we heard a tentative knock on our door. We answered the appeal, half-knowing whom to expect. It was Wolfe, of course. He had had dinner at the Harvard Club with a mutual friend, who had made him so "stink-

ing mad" that he had to tell someone about it, and we were it. In the first place, Wolfe had detected a superior smile on our friend's face because Wolfe had sopped up the gravy on his plate with a slice of bread. In the second, the friend had made an unchivalrous remark about a certain pleasant woman we all knew. So Wolfe had decided that it was better to leave the friend than bash his face in. Since the friend's nose was already somewhat flat, we lauded his decision heartily. Wolfe abhorred loose talk of any kind, particularly where women were concerned. Yet no one could quote "The Miller's Tale" with more lusty abandon or amazing memory for detail. But that, of course, was a mare of another color.

Indeed, one evening when one of his students, a squarish, determined woman in her thirties, walked him home after class and invited herself to his room, intent upon seducing him, he was in such a panic of fear and rage that he "promptly threw her out."

"B-b-but why should it happen to me?" he stammered.

My husband roared in masculine amusement. I myself was not too reverently sympathetic. But I could never be sure that Wolfe quite liked our taking the matter lightly.

. II

THERE were some of Wolfe's colleagues who thought they detected a complete change in him once *Look Homeward, Angel* was pub-

lished, but that was because they apparently had not known him too well in the first place. Wolfe was always of a piece. Himself easily wounded, he was forever fearful of hurting his students or his colleagues. His criticisms of freshmen effusions were long, ebullient commentaries that practically rewrote the paper and exhausted the teacher. He never scolded; he wept, implored, deplored the fate of English in adolescent hands.

But he could also be brief in his comments. One May evening, one of the last he was to spend at New York University, he was struggling with a freshman English class. The subject was words, and he was trying desperately to get his students to match language to mood and mood to fact. The windows were wide open; the hum of early summer was in the air, and there was a fragrant breeze playing quietly through the leaves in the park below. "How, for instance, would you describe such a night as this?" he asked. "*One* good word, please."

One hand rose timidly; a second, no less reluctantly; then a third fanned the air vigorously. It belonged to an eager young thing in a tight black dress. "Yes, Miss —?" Wolfe inquired hopefully.

Miss — smoothed what there was of her skirt, twisted her favorite curl around her finger, set her lips into a languorous smile, and offered with slow, easy assurance "balmy."

Wolfe looked down at the floor;

then his fiery eyes turned to the window, wildly in search of the right word himself. Suddenly, into the stillness of the room he hurled, "Aw ****!" It was the old Anglo-Saxon word for dung no longer mentioned in polite society.

ANOTHER evening, in the early spring of '31, my husband brought home a new Tom Wolfe. His Byronic locks had vanished; his hair was cropped close, and his face looked more naked and boyish than ever. There was a haunting restlessness in his eyes and his tendency to stutter when he was excited seemed more pronounced than usual. He came at six that evening and left at seven the next morning—he had talked the clock around without even noticing it. Recently returned from Europe, he was full of the novel he had been working on. That is, he already had several hundred thousand words of it. He thought he would call it *Oktober Fest*. As for how he had lost his locks. . . .

He had been sitting in a Munich beer hall when suddenly he heard one man say to another, "*Ach, wie der Mann ist gross!*" Wolfe misunderstood the remark. One word led to another. There was a rapid exchange of ideas, fists and beer mugs (quart size). Having himself put away more beer than he remembered, Wolfe offered to take on everyone in sight, and the hall was full of Bavarian plug-uglies. The next day he opened his eyes in a hospital, with his head

shaved and a dozen or more stitches in his scalp.

Somehow, after that, those locks of his never returned in the same fantastic abundance, nor did he call that novel *Oktober Fest* or even *October Fair* as had been announced by his publisher.

ONE OTHER evening, it was in the last spring of his life, I remember vividly. Wolfe had gone to Europe the year before, lonely, exhausted, and hungry for the Germany that had always on his other visits brought him release and discovery. Besides, he wanted to see for himself. The world was giving Germany an evil name, and he could not bear to believe it.

Moreover, he was feeling his way towards what he reluctantly spoke of as a philosophy of life. He had already frankly realized that a writer had to bring more than a love of earth and a sense of lostness to a novel even if it was Tom Wolfe's. He knew that eventually he would have to discover and articulate a philosophy that would integrate his characters against a more objective universe and give their world larger meaning. He had accumulated handsome royalties everywhere on the Continent; so he went there to spend them.

He went also for other reasons: to escape a particularly possessive woman; to renew his love of the good, the true and the sensuous; to see America in perspective; to extricate himself from the lionizing he had first

embraced and then run from in terror; to loose the morbid hold his self-absorption had taken of him.

III

WOLFE returned from Europe sick at heart. Boy had turned man in mood and manner and direction, but he had not yet found the answer either for himself or his writing. No matter at what point he started, he could not get away from himself. There are those who believe that he was beginning to when death wrote the premature chapter of his life. I myself cannot help feeling that he died at the right moment of his meteoric career in that golden Indian Summer of '38.

He was constitutionally incapable of traveling outside of himself, in spite of his insistence, on the last evening he was to spend with us; that he had found himself, and that the answer for him lay in a desperate faith in America.

Indeed, no one was more peculiarly born to the uses of the perpendicular pronoun than Tom Wolfe. All his books tell one story. A mountain of a man, he was ever impressed with the mass of himself in relation to a massive universe. When he smells the first blossoms of spring in the air, all of nature and a page full of adjectives tell us about it. When his characters bleed, they bleed profusely from a thousand blind mouths. When they die, they die with all the sins of the fathers upon them: the earth groans,

the angels weep, light leaves the heavens.

Wolfe's style is saturated with the man that he was: his hypnotic egotism, his youthful pretensions to learning, his whole amorphic mind struggling to find itself while the bulk of him gets in the way. As a human being he was tremendously shy, easily hurt, quick to anger and seldom given to laughter. The man was born with ghosts in his eyes. His self-consciousness was perhaps his most Gargantuan foe, and the essential aloneness of life his favorite obsession. These were his constant companions — on paper or off.

Had he lived . . . ? The war years would have torn him apart more than ever, and, like Keats, he would simply have stood on the shore of the wide world alone till the love and fame he cherished sank to nothingness.

I DO NOT doubt that even beyond his posthumous *Web and the Rock* and *You Can't Go Home Again*, there is — there must be — a trunk-full of material for his devout biographer, his friend John S. Terry, to ponder over. But I doubt that it will yield more than the Altamont, Catawba of *Look Homeward, Angel* which was umbilically joined to everything else he ever wrote. "The enormous cargo of memory" he called it.

For Wolfe was not profound. The secret of his mind was that he knew a few things passionately well — Homer, Ecclesiastes, Shakespeare, Sir Thomas Browne, Joyce, Dreiser, Dos-

toievsky. One can think of a worse literary diet, to be sure; but the prodigious intellectualism of Thomas Wolfe has always seemed to me a harmless though sometimes embarrassing legend. His table talk on most great writers or even the European scene was surprisingly immature, and his observations on the philosophers more engaging than perceptive. Obsessed with the world of the senses, he nevertheless always felt a strange compulsion to traffic in ideas with which he could not — by temperament — cope. To recall his face is to see a precocious child full of bewildered pathos, forever struggling with a problem the terms of which he did not quite understand.

ONE OTHER half-myth about Wolfe I must touch on even if with some apprehension. In Wolfe and his mother some would hint a D. H. Lawrence-and-his-mother relationship. The truth is that Wolfe seemed to get along better with the men in his family than with the women — his father and favorite brother, rather than his mother and sister. And I seem to recall that on the several occasions when Mrs. Wolfe turned up in New York, it was not her son Tom, but Tom's friend John Terry who squired her about and worried about her. I recommend to the reader a second glance at the portrait of his mother in

Look Homeward, Angel to catch, interlineally, what he himself felt and analyzed to a tittle.

IV

LIKE Maggie's John Shand in *What Every Woman Knows*, Wolfe never laughed at himself in his life. Like Shand, too, he never knew what every woman and many men know, that woman was not made out of Adam's rib, but his funny bone. Had Wolfe taken women less seriously, had he not been born without a skin, life would have held one terror less for him.

As I think of Wolfe in perspective — can one ever see a mountain in perspective? It seems to dwarf the rest of the view — I see him as a strenuous adolescent shaking a fist-full of adjectives at the universe. But the adjectives were unusual; in fact, one wishes there had been fewer of them and that he had not been afraid occasionally to "knight a plebeian word for good service in the field" — as did a Byron, Thomas Hardy, or Walt Whitman. For with all three of these he had something in common: Byron's egocentricity, Hardy's brooding earthiness, Whitman's faith in America. But he was no Byron, or Hardy, or Whitman. He was merely eternal youth in love with earth because Tom Wolfe trod it.



THE MARVELOUS BOY

A Story

BY ABRAHAM POLONSKY

AT THREE O'clock on clear autumnal afternoons, the monsters used to troop out on the penthouse terrace and play ball. They never learned to catch or throw; but they gurgled happily as they fell on each other, or swarmed upon the rolling ball whose movement they could never master. The big red sponge thing was alive for them, and when it bounded against the wire fence, a little mongoloid girl cried out with pity. She picked the ball up; she nursed it and crooned, until Miss Langsam ordered it into play again.

Miss Urna Langsam stood there each afternoon in a brown tweed coat. She carried a fur muff in which she fondled her marvelous hands while she waited for the hour to be over. A perfectly plain woman, ordinary in shape and height, she had only contempt for these deformed children to whom she taught artcraft. The wild, babbling faces and clumsy gestures had become for her symbols of the public world, and her life as a teacher of subnormal children was a monoto-

nous fiction which she endured without resistance.

A boy began to scream with fury. He jumped on the ball and beat it with his fists. The other little brutes hung back, waiting without expectation, already interested in something else: their fingers, their feet, or a big cloud in the sky. Miss Langsam spoke with authority. "Frederick," she said, "Frederick," and he stopped. The distorted face shifted to attention like an animal's, plumbing its senses for a response. Then he sat down on the tiling and thought of something else.

Miss Langsam motioned the others back to their sprawling game; and they followed obediently, pushing the ball with their hands and feet, marveling at the way it rolled.

Back in her muff, the cold hand met the warm hand with a sensual pleasure. These hands, autonomous with passion, had fulfilled Urna's imagination like the idea of love. Her hand upon her hand was a contact of bodies. They shrank from the open

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air; but beneath a pillow, a shawl, or in her muff, they clung in a sexual warmth, straining upon each other for release. Urna waited for the hour to pass. She longed for the night, when she could be hidden in her bed, alone with her hands and their unusual life.

The afternoon wind was cold, and behind the Palisades she could see the Jersey mountains.

She was surprised when the director called her in.

He was a short, genteel bachelor conscious of his family origins, and he spoke patiently, without command. "We have a new pupil, Urna. And the boy's father wishes to speak with you. I trust you will be able to assure him of our kindness and discipline. He appears to be quite nervous." The director sighed. "I tried to tell him that our school, like Groton and Lawrenceville, was precise in its plans and method. But the man, a Mr. Chatterton — he is a banker — insisted on seeing you. You're to teach the boy." The director left as he always did, moving off from a reluctant duty, quietly amused with the world's incredulity of a fashionable school for morons, idiots and subnormal children of the rich.

II

In the office, which was actually a living room, she found Mr. Chatterton and his son.

"I'm Miss Langsam, Mr. Chatterton."

He said, "How do you do," and

glanced at the boy. But she watched the father.

Her meetings with the parents who had generated these monsters was always a great pleasure to her. They were the world which had rejected her. The shame of this world was her revenge, the way her hands were an escape. She loved beauty; and a dumpy body, a usual face and no great talent had long ago convinced her that life would pass her by. This school was a hideaway in a rooftop city, and these children an offering which she consumed with joy. To see the unlovely things stumble in their blindness, to teach them techniques they could never learn, to hear them laugh or weep, excited her pride. The masters of the world came here, walked softly, and left behind their hostages. She clasped her hands within her muff. She felt the ecstasy of power, and the softness of desire. She felt that self which she alone knew to be hidden in her neutral flesh.

"I wanted to see you personally, Miss Langsam, because I no longer know whom I can trust." The clever voice was kneaded at its corners, already placating, ready to implore.

Urna smiled.

The heavy face of Mr. Chatterton was bearded, a little puffy, and the eyes, which observed her, washed with blue. She dropped her glance, because the young eyes in the old face sought to judge her own, and she had no mask behind which to hide.

He said, "I tried keeping Adrian home, but I never felt safe. I once had

a governess who locked him in closets, and a chauffeur who teased the boy with lighted matches. It amused them, no doubt, and I think they're less happy now. But. . . ." He opened a soft hand before her, and let it drop away. He laughed briefly. "I suppose," he said, "that such people regard people like myself as natural enemies. But your director here belongs to my own class."

"I can assure you," Urna said, "that Adrian will be happy with us."

They both looked at the boy. Adrian had his hands in his jacket pockets. He sat in the corner of a couch and tried to blow a lamp off an end table.

"He's thirteen," Mr. Chatterton explained, "but he doesn't listen very well. He doesn't speak much."

Adrian's face was like a death-mask, broad, blank and unmoved. He whistled as he blew.

Suddenly he got up. He was a heavy boy with immense shoulders, taller than Miss Langsam. He slouched over to a bar of sunlight on the green rug.

"He's very gentle," his father said. There was no tenderness in the description. It was a fact of behavior that the teacher had to know.

The boy swung his foot in and out of the sunlight.

Urna asked, "Will he miss you?"

"I don't know." The father was already eager to leave. "How can I tell?" He put out his hand and she extended her own. The contact with another hand shocked her. She felt

all the filth and misery of the world trying to repossess her life.

Safe in her muff again, she asked, "Are you leaving him now?"

"Yes," Mr. Chatterton said. "I'll send his clothes over." He called, "Adrian."

The boy stood still.

"Adrian," the father said, "come here, Adrian."

Adrian stood quietly, his hands still in his pockets.

"I taught him to shake hands," Mr. Chatterton said eagerly. "He learned very quickly. Shake, Adrian, shake hands."

The banker made a false shake in the air.

The boy lumbered over, grinning. Light poured into his blue eyes. They flowed with softness and sense. He held out his left hand.

"The other one," Mr. Chatterton urged, "the other one, Adrian, shake."

When the boy held out both his hands, Urna with a great effort managed to remove her hand from her muff. She looked at the hand she had to clasp. It was massive, white and bony, not like her own. In anguish, she closed her eyes, and clasped Adrian's right hand.

The shock and comfort of it inflamed her mind. The very touch, the smoothness grasping and pressing; the total pressure, the thumb and fingers taking and touching, were her very own.

Her face flushed.

Numb, she let the muff drop to the floor. She crossed a seeking left hand

and held both the boy's. It was familiar, warm, the soft, resisting clasp that was her own.

"I'm sure you'll be friends," Mr. Chatterton said more cheerfully. "He likes you. I'll be in from time to time."

He left unnoticed.

Urna stood dumbly in her astonishment. Her senses blurred. She felt the flow of her blood in the boy's body, in his hands, and projected in her mind, like hope, was joy, a softness rising and prolonged.

III

All the next week Urna was unable to force herself into contact with the boy. She watched him learn to play with the other children; and even when she was indoors with the clay class, she kept Adrian in the circle of her glance. He was taller than the others, of enormous strength, but he used himself passively, laughing in a blank pleasure when the children climbed upon him and pulled his light brown hair. He lay down on the mat, and two little girls fought over him, playing king-of-the-log; and then he heaved, and they tumbled off. Adrian sat there like a new Gulliver, amazed and delighted with this world in which he had a new dimension. Everyone in the school noticed it too, as if the bright, windy days had blown a fragrance in, innocent, childish, delicate. And the big boy with his blowing, light brown hair, the great, sloping shoulders and gentle touch,

the boy mewed in this world, murmuring a few sounds of incredible softness and joy.

Mr. Chatterton came again and expressed his relief. He held Urna's hands and thanked her. "It's quite marvelous," he said. His light brown beard wagged. "I feel like a new man because he's happy. It's so obvious that he is. Miss Langsam, please, I've spoken to your director, and he's agreed. We want you to supervise personally all of Adrian's time. And I'm prepared, the director knows this, to pay you an additional sum for your work."

She endured his hands on hers while she thought of the money. She said, "I don't understand."

He let go of her hands, and sat down, while she continued to stand. His whole manner had quieted, and the young eyes in the puffy face were shrewd. "You're to drop all your other work and devote yourself to Adrian, completely. It won't be easy. You've got to be careful. He knows nothing of windows, and high places. They're all doors to him, leading anywhere. You've got to supervise his speech, his manners, everything."

Urna felt like an inferior, standing there and receiving orders while the banker sat; but she was too embarrassed to move.

"How much more than your regular salary would you want?"

It embarrassed her because she realized he thought she was trying to get more than she deserved. Urna clasped her hands. She felt for a

quaking moment that Adrian was in her arms, in her hands. Impulsively she cried, "No, no," and then more gravely, "I don't think you need pay me anything extra. After all, it won't take more time. In fact," she laughed nervously, almost giggling, for a sensation of lift and adventure strained at her throat, "in fact, Mr. Chatterton, it's actually easier to teach one child than it is to teach a dozen."

And so each morning, right after breakfast, she walked in Central Park with Adrian.

IV

In Central Park the leaves were falling. They chattered in the wind and mingled with the birds. When Urna and the boy marched across the lawns, the birds blew up before them and settled behind like spurts of dust. Adrian watched each thing that moved. His eyes cast around, seeking out birds. Once he passed beneath a pine tree that hummed with blackbirds. The branches burst into wings, and he looked up. In his eyes Urna saw the blue sky and a race of clouds. She tried to speak to him, but his mouth was blind. She held his hands with a constant motion, lacing fingers, touching the palm, the wrists, the knuckles.

The boy's hands lived in her own.

At night she stood before her closet mirror, and held her hands before her body. It made her weep to know that all the visible grace of which the flesh was capable had been dissolved

in her hands, and that only she could realize it. For the first time in many years her spirit longed for witnesses. She put on a silk nightgown which tied at the waist, and her body, half-hidden, seemed to quiver with beauty. She snapped the light out and crouched in her bed. The boats sounded from the river, distant or close in the wind. Her mind embraced the world as a mystery in which secret shapes struggled to emerge into light and expression, and deeper than all was her own, like a great and tender nerve eager for touches.

One morning they passed near the zoo and Adrian heard the roar of a lion.

"What," he asked, saying "Wha', wha'," a soft, baby sound.

"A lion," Urna said.

He said, "A li'n."

They went down stone steps past the empty bear cages. Many lions were roaring now, and through vastness came short yelps and snarls from jackals and small cats. Despite the cages and the presence of other visitors, Urna felt alarmed. The inner violence of these creatures was so unimaginable. What the animals felt, what they thought, if they thought at all, was a mystery. She stopped with Adrian before the cage of the tiglon.

"Li'n," he said.

Urna pointed, "Tiglon."

Adrian pointed also. He said, "Ti'l'n."

She noticed that people watched

Adrian as much as they did the animal.

The tiglon marched delicately on its strength, back and forth, from side to side. An exotic creature, half lion and half tiger, it looked a little like both, but rangier, more boyish. To Urna, it was capable of enormous fury, and the frail skin on her hands tightened with horror when she imagined the tiglon free in the crowd. The animal paced the cage. Its feet made the sound of bare feet. The muscles moved in series on its legs. The eyes burned.

Adrian tugged at her hand. Strangely enough, the boy was not amused. He wanted to go back to the lawns. She turned for a last look at the animal, and suddenly, all the power, fury, violence, grace, all the blind menace congealed into a feral odor which enraged her mind. It poured through her senses like breath or blood. She walked out, the boy beside her, and the people looked at him the way they looked at the tiglon.

The sense of her power grew slowly. In the avid looks, the public curiosity of passing faces, Urna recognized the same faces which she had seen in the lion house. This naked interest, full of wonder and insoluble mystery, emerged from the faces of policemen, nurses, children and ladies in fur coats. It leapt at once, the moment Adrian came into view; and she began to lead the boy to the more frequented places. It was as if she, alone of all people in the world, could under-

stand one blind force. It made her a kind of priestess, an oracle, and the interest and the admiration of the world were given freely to her by looks, by gestures, even by words when she paused. To increase her prestige she taught Adrian tricks, how to feed the pigeons so that the birds alighted on his hands, his shoulders, his head.

A refined gentleman with a cane whispered in her ear, "The pigeons love him."

She flushed with pride. She said, "He understands them more than we do."

Gravely, an expression of wonder arranged the man's face. "Yes," he murmured, "Yes, an understanding beyond our own." He tipped his hat and walked off.

Adrian played solemnly with the pigeons.

And the birds did come easily to the boy, and squirrels too, and dogs when he played with them. In the end, she believed that the boy was closer to nature than other people, and she, she knew, was closer to the boy. She began to study him from day to day.

V

The long rains of late autumn fell upon the city. It was impossible to go out, and Urna tried to teach Adrian how to mold clay. He took the stuff in his hands, and yet despite her patience, he could follow none of her movements. At last, she let him

sit alone among blocks and materials on the floor, while she day-dreamed in a chair. In her reverie, Urna found a belief which appeared absolute to her. It was that Adrian possessed a temperament, a spirit, perhaps, that was deeper than that of normal people, closer to the life of animals and nature. It was a hidden thing, a talent almost. She could sense it in the boy. It was definite and powerful, an understanding deeper than consciousness.

The boy touched her and placed a piece of clay in her lap. It was the figure of a bird in flight, not a description of one, correct and detailed, but a soaring shape, a motion, a flight. Urna held it in her hands and looked at the boy. He was waiting before her, patiently kneeling. She looked at the bird again. It seemed to spring into the air from her hand. It seemed to soar on the pressure of winds, a figure of skies and all things that drift and blow.

She placed it in her lap; then she took Adrian's face in her hands and stared into his eyes. A vague, uncertain light shone in them, muffled, remote.

"You marvelous boy," she said. Her voice shook with tenderness. "You marvelous, marvelous boy. How did you do it? Show me how you did it, Adrian."

In his massive, bony hands all shapes were possible; never drawings, pictures, examples, only the form of things: a thing resting was all rest, a thing flying was all flight.

She took him to the museum and showed him the sculpture of Rodin, the shapes struggling out of the stone, never complete and half-created. For her, Rodin was the greatest artist in the world.

But Adrian continued to make complete objects, a little abstract and not much like life. But they affected her sensibilities, they convinced her that in Adrian, as in herself, was a marvelous creature, all grace and lightness and beauty. It was the very spirit of the world, and the world knew nothing of it.

He composed all the shapes he had ever seen, among them the tiglon. This was the largest piece he made, a figure standing a foot high and three feet long, the tiglon at rest. The face was turned up, the mouth open. No motion was stopped in its tracks, but the figure at rest was fury potential, a possibility of rage and strength that was wonderful to see.

Urna showed it to the director, who called Mr. Chatterton.

"Of course," the director explained, "this isn't art, Mr. Chatterton. You understand me. But clinically, from a psychological point of view, it does show possibilities of—what shall I call it?—mental growth in the boy."

But privately Urna told the father something else. "It *is* talent, Mr. Chatterton. He's a marvelous boy. How many children in the world could do this, how many?"

She observed Adrian carefully, no longer a victim of the thought that she alone understood him; because

now Urna believed that if there was any power at all, it was in the boy, in this marvelous, expressive talent that plucked the meaning out of any shape in the world. She devoted all her time to watching his hands, to holding them, trying to feel in the motion of the fingers their intelligence. And every once in a while when the passion to know, to understand, to realize with all her mind what his talent was, rushed fiercely on her, she held his head in her hands, and face to face gazed with longing into his muffled eyes. The longing to know ached like an incompleting desire within her. At night, she no longer slept, because her mind continued to whisper this thought or that.

VI

The first snows fell on the city. Urna was walking in the park with Adrian, and the sky above their heads was gray and frozen. It hardened, tightened, condensed, until the very contraction flaked off and the little slivers of snow began to fall. The ground whitened and the traffic beyond on the streets was closed away. The park became a private world with a layer of snow upon which they were the first to walk.

The quietness lured Urna's troubled mind, and that night, after everyone else had gone to sleep, she went down and walked alone.

She was alone with the lights, chambered in the misty fall of snow. She was walking slowly when she

heard steps behind her. Afraid to turn, she went ahead more quickly. The steps quickened and slowed their pace with her own. A deadly nausea weakened her, and faint, frightened, she sat down on a snowy bench.

The man stopped in front of her, about ten feet away. He wore a great-coat with the collar raised. A hatbrim shaded his eyes. He stood quietly watching her.

Her mind began to scream in terror at the idea of rape and death.

The man stepped closer so that he stood above her. She made no move, and he sat down.

She stirred to get up, but her legs refused to bear her off.

The man put his hand on her arm.

He was speaking to her, but she heard nothing. The fright knotted in her throat, in her brain. And when he put his hand on her coat and pressed into her breasts, a raw shriek burst from her mouth. The man got up and ran clumsily away through the snowfall.

Trembling, she walked home, seeing dark shapes among the trees and snowcovered bushes.

She forgot to be interested by Adrian in the days that followed. The memory of the man in the great-coat obsessed every moment that was free of habit, and she invented excuses so that she wouldn't have to go into the street. She felt safe on the roof behind the wire cage that enclosed the terrace, behind doors that opened into elevators operated by people she knew. Protected there

above the city, among objects she knew, this wall, that couch, the familiar presences, she was able to calm her mind.

The framework of her feelings arose again, and on Christmas Day she was able to meet Mr. Chatterton with a real attention.

He brought a large cardboard box which he placed on a table. It was a present, of course; Urna knew that. Gratitude suffused her hands. They played like white kittens on her lap, nestling, caressing each other, while the banker loomed up in a gray tweed suit. His cheeks were red with cold, the blue eyes frosty and glittering.

He said, "Now Urna, I suppose I may call you Urna," and she nodded, "you're supposed to stand up and turn your back to me."

She did. She heard the string twang, and the box shuffle, and then soft, the rustle of paper.

Suddenly, a warm soft weight was put on her shoulders, and she saw the fur coat.

The sheared beaver fur was marvelous. "The coat is marvelous," she cried, and tears of sentiment suffused her ordinary eyes. She began to weep with pleasure.

"Now Urna," Mr. Chatterton said briskly, "that's enough. You don't have to cry about it, you really don't. You've been wonderful to the boy, and if you like, if you want to, and I'd like you to, I would, you can take care of him forever. You'll never have to worry for anything, because I won't either if Adrian is happy."

But Urna continued to cry, bathed and released by this friendly, secure world of people who loved and trusted her.

In her room, she draped the coat over the bed and studied the lights, the depths, the tone of it. The rich animal softness sank into her senses, into her hands as she stroked the nap. A warmth, feral, subtle, exciting, trembled on the surface of her flesh. She turned the coat inside out and put it on her bare body. Quivering, she lay down in the bed.

The thought occurred to her in the pleasure, that she had been foolish. Why had she been afraid of the man in the park? She had waited on the bench, inviting him, he must have imagined, inviting his warmth no matter how brutal and explicit.

Her lungs swelled with pity, a great deep breath of tenderness for men all living and yearning after each other and the understanding of bodies. Every one of them.

The reserve of her senses broke, and she lived in a world, dark and furry, out of which half-created shapes, desiring and struggling creatures, sought each other out. The searching passions of life, its sex, flowed in her body, and she dreamt that the tiglon, wearing Adrian's face, crushed her with its weight. The furry, snow-covered shape lay on her body; and there clasped in its massive, bony hands was a pink clay that took the shape of the girl within her. Long surges of feeling bore her down and the bottom was a mass of sleep.

VII

And now her mind returned to Adrian. Both he and the city itself were translated into a new complex of feeling. Large, violated depths were constantly present in Urna's thoughts. She felt herself possessed. The streets were full of the plumbing eyes of men. She began to ride in the subways with a new pleasure.

Each night during the rush hour, she rode the express from Forty-second Street to Ninety-sixth. Hurtled, compressed, wedged by the bodies, she closed her eyes and listened to the secret life of the flesh around her. The garish lights, the rage of motion, and the roar, like senses swooning, were a great force through which in her body she felt the flow of humanity struggling. She changed from train to train. She plunged like a suicide into the depth and rumble of the city. Faces and papers were poses, the empty gestures made for a mechanical life; but beneath the ritual, there was a life, there was an urge, a great encased flood of passion, of infant memory, the warmth and suckling of bodies. She lived for the taste of it; she awaited it; she longed for it. She knew that only this way, through an obscure release, could her real self be freed.

Just what she was, was hard to know. It wasn't, certainly, this body which she dressed and bathed and bore with her, a stolid, graceless, compact machine in which her soul lived. And no one, except, perhaps, the wandering

men in parks, the loose passions lurking on the corners of dark streets, could see her really. She tried in a hesitant way to expose herself to casual approaches, but the nights were barren. And as the winter extended and the days advanced in length, she realized she was a lost woman. It made her anxious, nervous, a little desperate. Her real nature was like the models Adrian created, stricter, freer than the usual gaze.

What was the boy?

In her lap she nursed her marvelous hands and watched him.

He had grown in the half year, a great blank head set on the body of an athlete. The massive, bony hands had learned habits which issued in strange heads and stranger bodies. He saw, Urna knew this absolutely, he saw some kind of hidden form of things as secret as her own.

"Adrian." She called his name and he shambled over. Recognition and patience lay loosely on his broad face. "Adrian," she asked. She took his hand in her own and fondled it. "Adrian." And if he saw, and if there was a world of hidden forms . . . and if he saw. . . . "Adrian," she said intensely, "Adrian, why don't you make one of me . . . like the bird, the tiglon, like anything . . . like me."

He gurgled, "You."

The idea excited her. She got up. "Yes, me." She led him over to the work table and pointed out the little models. She pointed to herself, to his hands and the half-worked clay.

"Like me, Adrian." Her hands fluttered between them like a covey.

He fumbled with a tool, not understanding her.

Urna tried to explain, but he rolled a lump of clay into a ball and patted it with an aimless repetition. The monotonous indifference to her need angered Urna.

If only once she could be expressed, seen, understood, she might be freed for witnesses. A flush of intense irritability assailed her mind. Roughly, she held his head towards her face and tried, close to his face, to make him understand. She babbled, almost like an idiot herself.

His stupidity enraged her. The passive eyes showed no light. And the thought of the winter night came to her, and the man in the greatcoat fumbling at her breasts. She pressed the boy to her. If he couldn't understand, if he couldn't know, he could desire. She clung with her body to his great bulk. He waited blindly.

The school was full of steps. She heard voices. She knew there was no way to be alone. But she tried. She maneuvered for the opportunity with a furious indifference to facts, but always there were others. She felt that if the boy could see her the way he saw the tiglon, the birds, a naked thing, he might see her as she was, the way she knew she was, tender and unprovoked, soft with grace. She wanted to have an external image that was really she. Yet she was afraid to lock the door, to bring him into her bedroom, to do anything. The

helplessness was misery, the misery impossible. Her bedroom became a prison because she was alone.

VIII

One weekend Mr. Chatterton came and took the boy away for a few days. It was the anniversary of Mrs. Chatterton's death, and the banker spoke piously. He wanted to be alone with his son; he wanted to remember his wife who had died in childbirth.

The same night Mr. Chatterton telephoned. Adrian was lonely for her. Would she please come over?

She found the banker bored and distracted in his apartment at the hotel. Adrian prowled around, nervously aware of an old atmosphere, the nurse and the chauffeur remembered in his senses.

"I find I have to go out," Mr. Chatterton said. The lie lay on the surface of his blue eyes. And then he said, tearing out the thought, "The fact is, I can't bear it. I can't stay with him. It's horrible to see him wandering around like a strange dog, and know all the time that my wife. . . . I can't bear him. My wife died to bring him to life, that monster, that —." The banker was ashamed. "I'm ashamed of him. I am. It's no use hiding it. It's no use at all."

Urna hardly listened to his words. She heard her own hope charging her mind. Trying to be calm, she said, "I'll stay with him, Mr. Chatterton. I understand."

"You understand?" The conscience

before her took refuge in her offer. "You do." The puffy, bearded face smiled against itself. "What would I do without you? I'd be helpless. Perhaps," timidly the suggestion trembled between them, "perhaps it'd be better if I didn't return until you've taken him back to school." And warmly, "Of course, that's best. The first thing in the morning. If you want anything, just ring for service." He pressed her hands. "You're a wonderfully considerate woman. I don't know why you put up with these things. But then," and he smiled again, for her now, "I'm a man of affairs. What do I know about feelings, about sympathy, about life?"

Still protesting, explaining, excusing, he left, and Urna and Adrian were alone.

The boy wandered about the apartment, sniffing at corners, touching the furniture. Moody, dispossessed, he refused to listen to her. He stood by the open windows and let the curtains blow up in his face.

She played the radio.

After a while he curled up on a couch and lay quietly, but when she approached him, he got up and moved away. His great body with its heavy muscles and shambling gait seemed blank and triumphant like the beasts at the zoo.

Urna went into the bedroom and undressed. Then she became frightened and locked the door. She listened.

She heard his movements, remote on the carpets, and afterwards silence.

A secret clamor started up in her

mind, urging her to go out. If only once, for a brief, for one complete moment, she could expose herself, he would see. But even this fell away. The intent disintegrated and left a single desire: to show herself, to have herself seen.

She opened the door. Beyond it in the quiet hall, she felt the danger, and behind the danger, the eyes of Adrian. He was standing in the hallway, as motionless, as rigid as herself. Suddenly he moved and she ran inside the room again and closed the door. She waited, and he came to the other side.

The door opened, and he stood there, the great blank mass of face flushed. She cowered on the bed. The pressure of his eyes terrified her. She closed her own, waiting, trying to know his movement by sound, by the prickle of terror on her skin. The moment expanded on, and she waited, until her eyes opened and she saw he was gone.

Humiliated and frightened, she dressed while her mind cleared. Now she saw everything soberly. She was ashamed. She felt foolish and betrayed by the silly desires which had raged within her. And worse, she worried that in some way, what she had done might become known. Even Adrian with all his dullness might make it known, and whoever knew, would know about her. A sickness bloomed in her mind, like vertigo, like nausea, a pure disgust. She hated the boy and she hated herself. She was afraid of the boy, and she was

afraid for her job. Without it, she was nothing. No one would ever have her again. Now she was unable to understand the fever that had plunged her into this shameless exhibition. She wished Adrian were dead, she hoped for it. Her shame whirled up a new hope; if only she had another chance, if only these few minutes could be erased from the possibility of knowledge. But they lay there flatly, solid as an object, ready to roll into the light. And the fear and shame and disgust discovered another immeasurable threat: she felt she had violated the sanctity of power possessed by those who possessed the world. She, who had been able to smile into the faces of important people because of their helpless hostages, was now herself a hostage.

She clasped hands, wringing them, feeling them, the one with the other, and she thought of the security of the life she had lost, now a strange attractive retreat, high above the sordid city. She longed to be alone again, with her hands, with her body, clean to appreciate what she was. And this was barred by Adrian.

The buzzer rang.

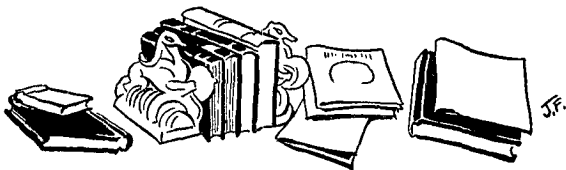
She went inert and will-less to the door.

The curtains still blew up in the open windows. The soft blur of the city poured in.

There was a wild excitement that loosed itself over her. The manager was distraught, and the bellboy shouted. The open door thronged with people and the blue uniform of a policeman. And even as she screamed in her horror, even as they surrounded her with comfort and words, her mind exulted. The relief was so great she began to cry. She was safe. Adrian had fallen or jumped from the open window. He was dead and she was free.

She felt light and clear, crying with pleasure and happiness. In her mind she said: I am free. The tears wet her cheeks and she held her hands into the air, turning the nimble wrists, bending her fingers. She thought, no one will ever know I lay on the bed and he saw me. She pressed her hand to her wet face.

And then a cold sob among all the warm ones shook her heart. She cried aloud into a circle of faces, "The marvelous boy. . . ."



STALIN'S GERMAN AGENTS

By RUTH FISCHER

THE battle for Germany is now openly joined. Speaking at Stuttgart, on September 6, Secretary of State Byrnes served notice that the United States intends to dispute with the Soviet Union the sponsorship of post-Hitler Germany. Earlier, on July 10, Soviet Foreign Minister Molotov had stated his government's desire to see the reunification of Germany under Russian auspices.

The contest thus publicly avowed has been in progress since Potsdam. Its ultimate significance would be difficult to overestimate. Germany, beaten closer to the point of death than any other great power in modern history, still stands at the strategic center of Europe.

Some answers to the question, what is the Soviet program for Germany, are suggested by the character of the men chosen by the Kremlin for the execution of its aims there. The Soviet machine in Eastern Germany is headed by two German Commu-

nists of long standing, Wilhelm Pieck and Walther Ulbricht. The smoke had not yet cleared above the ruins of what had been the capital of the Third Reich, and Red Army patrols were still searching for snipers, when these two men arrived by air from Moscow at Tempelhofer Feld. They were accompanied by an interesting collection of dignitaries, German by birth and with lifelong experience in German politics, but Soviet Russian in loyalty and sentiment.

In addition to Pieck and Ulbricht (whose Russian wife was Marshal Zhukov's secretary), there were Edwin Hörnle, now deputy for agriculture in the Russian Zone, and a considerable group of writers and artists, among them Johannes R. Becher and Paul von Wangelheim, now director of Berlin's leading theater. This group was soon reinforced by Communists liberated from the concentration camps, among them Hans Jendretzki, a veteran of the NKVD, and Franz Dahlem, a native of Cologne who

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speaks French as fluently as German.

From the very beginning of the war, the Kremlin had three alternate plans for organizing post-Hitler Germany, by all of which, it was intended, Germany would eventually be incorporated into the Russian empire. These plans ran counter to the official Russian propaganda of the war years, which followed the Ehrenburg line, so called because the rabid anti-German writings of Ilya Ehrenburg were its best expression.

At Yalta and Potsdam, plans for the occupation and de-Nazification of Germany were based on exacting reparations in kind and effecting a thorough de-industrialization. It was intended to make Germany democratic and incapable of waging another war. It is now clear that this apparent coordination of Russian with American and British policy was, in the Russian mind, never more than an instrument by which Germany would be integrated into the Russian orbit.

The first of the three different groups of agents prepared by the Politburo was a chain of Free Germany Committees with links all over the world — in London, Stockholm, New York, Mexico City. These were "people's front" groups — composed of Communists, dissident Social Democrats, literati and fellow-traveling Catholic and Protestant prelates — organized to function in a liberal democratic Germany in the event that the revival of the German Communist Party itself proved too difficult.

Parallel with these Free Germany

Committees ran the pro-Soviet organization of high-ranking German POWs, known as the League of German Officers and led by Field Marshal von Paulus and General Walther von Seydlitz. If there had been a split in the German Army and a successful *coup* staged against the Nazis by a group of generals, the Soviets would have had access to post-Hitler Germany through this channel.

But the principal emphasis was laid on resurrection of the Communist Party. It was executed in three stages. First, there was a regrouping of German Communists in Russia, accompanied by a thorough purge (Reichstag Deputy Philip Dengel from Cologne, for instance, who signed the Communist manifestoes until the last months before Hitler's defeat, is no longer heard from *spurlos verschwunden*.) Second, the tested Communist cadres returned to Berlin and the Communist Party was reorganized. (At that time, in May 1945, proposals for fusion by the Social Democrats were firmly rejected.) Third, a well-organized campaign was conducted for proletarian unity, with a view to splitting the Social Democratic party. This step was achieved with the founding of the Socialist Unity party on April 21, 1946. Since then, many outstanding Social Democratic personalities have joined the new party including Fritz Ebert, the son of the onetime president of the Reich, and Theodor Leipart, former president of the Federation of Trade Unions.

II

The men at the head of the re-assembled German Communist Party reflect the especially intimate relation of the German Communists with the Russian State Party, a relationship which involved the transformation of a branch of the Comintern into a division of the NKVD.

Wilhelm Pieck, the senior of the group, was born January 3, 1876, at Guben, near Berlin. The son of a worker, he attended elementary school, but from that point on was self-educated. The *Reichstag Handbuch* of 1928 listed him as "without religion; profession, carpenter." He joined the trade union movement and the Social Democratic party, respectively, in 1894 and 1895, and was formed and educated by experiences in union organization. In 1906 he was elected local secretary of the Party and during the period 1906-10 he was a member of the city council of Bremen.

Karl Radek, political refugee from Poland, was then editor of the Social Democratic daily in Bremen, and young Pieck came under the influence of him and Rosa Luxemburg. In 1915 he became one of the founders of the *Spartakusbund*, the revolutionary group which left the Social Democratic party. In 1918 Pieck was sent by the *Spartakus* group to Holland. He collected money and organized the illegal traffic of literature from Amsterdam *via* the riverboats plying the Rhine and the Ruhr canals.

When Pieck returned to Berlin in October 1918, he was very close to Karl Liebknecht during the few months before the latter's assassination. This intimate relationship of Pieck and the early martyred Communist leader is invaluable to the German Communists in their current propaganda.

The Russians trust Pieck more than any other German Communist leader and very early brought him into the secret branches of the organization. It was he who was given the fat checks for the Party finances in the backroom of the Russian Embassy.

In 1924, after the abortive Communist uprising in Saxony and Hamburg, the German Party turned against the Comintern, which it held responsible for the defeat. Ossip Pyatnitsky, the treasurer of the Comintern, was worried about the new "unreliable" German leadership. "To whom shall we give the money now?" he asked. When he heard that Wilhelm Pieck had been re-elected to the Central Committee, he sighed with relief; with Pieck to handle the money, he could be sure that it would always be spent as the Comintern desired.

Pieck survived all party crises, all zigzags. He adopted antithetical policies, one after the other, without emotional or intellectual qualms. Many of his intimate friends of the old days — Paul Levi, Clara Zetkin, Heinrich Brandler — fell in disgrace, and Pieck acquired a technique of dropping

them, as the Stalinists put it, "mercilessly, on principled grounds."

After Hitler's victory the Politburo thoroughly purged the German Communists in Moscow. Dozens were summarily executed, thousands were sent to concentration camps. During this period Pieck's secret reports about his comrades to the OGPU were instrumental in the liquidation of many of them. Among the victims of his information was one of his most intimate friends, Hugo Eberlein, and two members of the last legal Central Committee of the German party: Hermann Remmele, the author of a stupid eulogy of Soviet Russia published in Germany in 1932, and Heinz Neumann.

Hugo Eberlein, who had also been an old friend and disciple of Rosa Luxemburg, had had many confidential assignments from the Comintern all over the world. I met him in Paris in 1933, where he expressed his disgust with the pro-Nazi line of 1929-33, the period of so-called German National Communism, and with the disastrous results of this Stalinist intervention in German affairs. In 1933 the French police arrested Eberlein in Strasbourg and extradited him to Russia; the OGPU met him as he stepped off the train, and he disappeared. Heinz Neumann, wanted by the Nazi government, was arrested in Switzerland. He was also extradited to Russia and arrested at the frontier.

The third, Hermann Remmele, made his arrest as uncomfortable as possible for the OGPU agents. In

1937 he was living as a representative of the German Communist Party in the Comintern's Hotel Lux, on Tverskaya Street in Moscow. He barricaded himself in his hotel room and knocked down the agents when they finally managed to get into it. They had to stifle and bind him, literally hand and foot, and carry him out on a stretcher. The large Lux Hotel was full of foreign comrades, but they ignored the noise of the fracas and locked themselves in their rooms until it was over. Remmele's wife and son were arrested too. The son was executed, and witnesses have reported how this working-class woman from Berlin looked when she returned from her husband's execution and some months stay in a Moscow prison — haggard, wretched in rags — and how she was given a slovenly room in the backyard of the hotel, reserved for the families of arrested or executed comrades.

"Father Pieck," by these and similar experiences, acquired the necessary iron discipline that now makes him fit for one of the highest posts in the future Stalinist Federation of Europe.

Pieck's rather distinguished look inspire confidence: he has short white hair, a military bearing in spite of the growing corpulence of old age; disarming, sincere-looking blue eyes; and a trained, agreeable voice. He is not a brilliant speaker; his force lies rather in his tremendous knowledge of persons and organizational details and in his carefully built up prestige as the last veteran of the days of '18, the close associate of Karl Liebknecht.

Pieck has been made the standard bearer of the newly organized Socialist Unity party. American soldiers in Berlin in the spring of 1946 saw big posters all over the city, proclaiming "Through Unity to Victory." These were not a residue of Nazi propaganda, they found, but newly painted Communist slogans. On these posters appeared an over-sized portrait of Wilhelm Pieck, shaking hands with Otto Grotewohl, the man who split the German Social Democrats to unite with the Communists.

Not long ago, Pieck and Grotewohl made a propaganda tour in the British Zone. When their train arrived at city stations, thousands of loyal followers greeted them with flowers; delegations from the usual array of "front" organizations were present. Then Pieck and Grotewohl stepped out and posed together, exactly in the attitude of the Berlin billboards, shaking hands and symbolizing the unity of the German working class.

On his seventieth birthday, Pieck was made an honorary citizen of Berlin. "This rare title is given to you as the first citizen of the anti-fascist era," said the mayor, Dr. Werner. "Pieck is the incarnation of loyalty, of trust, of progress," said another speaker, E. Honegger. From early morning on, the Communist headquarters in Berlin received thousands of visitors bringing congratulations. The miners of Hoyerswerda-Lausitz sent a trainload of soft coal as a gift; the miners of Zwickau, Leipzig-Boh-

len, Freiberg, and Weisswasser also gave coal. Other workers presented products of their labor: a wagonload of potash, two hundred gallons of gas, a car, cases of electric bulbs, a typewriter. The *Bauernstand* and "the revolutionary workers" of Annaberg sent a milch cow. There were thousands of presents, from liverwurst to plows.

A few weeks later, Pieck and Grotewohl were given a baronial estate about forty kilometers northwest of Berlin. This is a thirty-room castle, situated atop a hill overlooking an estate of fourteen hundred acres, beautifully wooded and with a large lake, a gift from the Russians.

III

Second to Pieck is Walther Ulbricht. Born in Leipzig in 1893, son of a tailor, he too was a carpenter by trade. Though a member of the Social Democratic party and of a trade union since 1912, he did not become politically active until after the First World War, when he joined the Communist Party.

In contrast to Pieck, Ulbricht has no past independent of the Moscow apparatus. He is a dull man, gifted in neither writing nor speaking, but with tremendous training and experience in organization and conspiracy. Very ambitious, he went to Moscow in the middle twenties and served under the old Comintern boss, Pyatnitsky, who sent him on many assignments abroad. In 1928 he was handpicked by the

OGPU to become a Reichstag deputy.

Ulbricht concentrated his entire energy on the building up of cells; he even adopted "Zelle" as his party name. Comrade Zelle's heyday came during the Civil War in Spain, when he headed the Spanish division of the OGPU. His main assignment was to investigate German and Austrian socialists in the Republican forces and direct the "treatment" prescribed for any dissidents. It was the time of the Moscow trials, and anti-Stalinists were specially "treated" to get confessions that could be used in Russia. The Santa Ursula Convent in Valencia was one of the best known OGPU prisons.

Here Ulbricht and his men assigned to "special work" — the Communist Party argot for OGPU assignments — kept their charges for days crouched in small boxes. They went for long periods without food, and were interrogated for twenty-four hours at a stretch. (It is indicative of our age that this seems mild enough, but some attempt should be made to put it in perspective. This was ten years ago, and it was his "brothers" and not the fascists that Ulbricht so persecuted. All together thousands of socialists and anarchists died at the hand of the OGPU during the Spanish Civil War.)

By this performance Ulbricht gained the complete confidence of his Russian friends. During the period of the Russian-German pact, he was an ardent supporter of the alliance with

Nazi Germany. After Germany's attack on Russia in 1941, he was the very first German Communist permitted to organize groups of German war prisoners. In the first conference of anti-fascist German POWs, on October 20, 1941, "the well known anti-fascist, Walther Ulbricht," appeared among them and answered their questions.

Ulbricht is a thin-lipped man of middle height, with sparse, light-brown hair and very cold eyes. He lacks the paternalistic manners of old Pieck, and in his brutal inhumanity can be compared best to Himmler, whom he somewhat resembles physically. Many letters from Berlin friends emphasize that Ulbricht is the most deeply hated of Stalin's German agents.

Ulbricht has organized around him numerous German Communists who combine membership in the Party with service in the NKVD. From the middle twenties on, the OGPU (and its successor, the NKVD) had its own organization within the German Communist Party. Men were taken into the service with all the formality proper to signing on for lifetime service. Typical of this NKVD group is Hans Jendretsky, who was mysteriously liberated from the concentration camp at Sachsenhausen in 1938. He must have come out as a result of a secret deal between the two totalitarian police bureaus, the Gestapo and the NKVD. After the liberation of Berlin he was given an important post in trade union organization.

IV

The new Socialist Unity party has as its nucleus an NKVD unit, to which is bound a large group of genuine German Communist veterans who have gone through all the trials of Hitler and war and have sacrificed much to the cause of anti-Nazism. These men have a certain standing among the new generation of German socialists, and their possible influence on them should not be underestimated.

The best example of this group is Paul Merker, a Communist trade-union organizer during the Weimar Republic. He remained in Berlin until 1936, when he escaped to France. In 1939 he was arrested, together with the other German Communists in France, and was imprisoned in the Vernet concentration camp until 1941. At that time, Merker was one of hundreds, and of no special interest.

In July 1941 he fled from France to Mexico. Here Merker founded the Free Germany Committee of Mexico City, one of the best organized and most effective groups of German Communists abroad, which published German-language books and magazines right up to the beginning of 1946. He wrote two large volumes on Germany, the only important Communist works on this subject written outside Moscow; and while following the Party line, he showed certain differences in emphasis and presentation.

Merker came into conflict with German Communists abroad, with

Wilhelm Könen in London and Hans Berger in New York, over "the responsibility of the German people" — the responsibility, that is to say, of the Stalinist policy — for the origin of the Nazis and their rise to power. Merker's case illustrates a well hidden tension within the German Communist Party which may become important in the long run, as the Party encounters more and more difficulties in a disintegrating country.

Three months ago, Paul Merker left Mexico on a Russian freighter. On his way back to Berlin, he was elected a member of the Central Committee of the new Socialist Unity party.

V

At the moment, in spite of handicaps, Stalin's plans for the reorganization of post-Hitler Germany are being carried out with good results. At a press conference on June 3, Wilhelm Pieck reported that the membership of the Socialist Unity party now stands at 1,434,000 in the Soviet Zone (out of a population of about twenty million), and that in Berlin it is 142,300. The party has two dailies. The evening paper has taken over exactly the name, format, and style of the old Social Democratic newspaper, the *Vorwärts*.

The party is feverishly active, opening party schools, sponsoring artistic and literary functions in all corners of Germany and effectively penetrating into the British and American Zones. Unity committees have been founded

in Essen, Cologne, Hamburg and Frankfurt.

The new *Sozialistische Einheitspartei* (commonly spoken of as the "SEp") was born out of propaganda, pressure and terror. Many of its opponents disappeared mysteriously; others found themselves in concentration camps. Some of these, with the help of friends, have escaped and given a report of their experiences. A new emigration has started from the Russian Zone. The socialist refugee from the Soviet Zone, seeking asylum in the west, has become a familiar figure in Germany.

At one of the ceremonies for the new party, Wilhelm Pieck expressed his overwhelming joy over the happy ending to the "brotherly fight." "Our

hands will never again be separated," Grotewohl said. "Our dream of working class unification has been realized, and he who can see will observe millions of socialists behind us." Pieck answered: "The day will come when the entire German working class will march under the flag of the Socialist Unity party of Germany."

Thus, for the 19,700,000 Germans living in the Russian Zone, the *Gleichschaltung* with the Russian Party is accomplished. The chief task of the new organization now is penetration into the other zones of Germany. The new combination is available for use as a major instrument of the Kremlin for the penetration of the whole of Western Europe.



MARIJUANA ADDICTS AND THEIR LINGO

BY DAVID W. MAURER

WITHIN the past few years a great deal of popular material has been printed about the effects of marijuana, much of which is highly colored. The use of marijuana, like the use of opiates of any kind, seems to be most common among individuals with noticeable emotional instability.

Medical men do not agree on its classification as a narcotic, or on its addicting qualities as compared to the derivatives of opium, though all agree that the users of marijuana (a species of *cannabis*), when denied the drug, suffer little of the withdrawal distress experienced by those addicted to the use of other narcotics. The current controversy in medical journals reflects this difference of professional opinion, ranging from the contention that marijuana when smoked has little if any true narcotic effect and that it may actually be a useful drug under certain circumstances, to the view that it is a very dangerous drug.

It is extremely difficult to evaluate the effects of this drug, for no case studies have been made on a large scale under normal living conditions. The LaGuardia report, made by a

New York committee, tends to minimize the harmful effects of marijuana in comparison to opium derivatives; the studies made by the United States Army are applicable only to a particular situation; a recently-published study of some 1800 addicts to *cannabis sativa* in India seems to indicate that the drug may be extremely harmful and that it may be a factor leading to the commission of violent crimes. However, it is obvious that an adequate estimate of the potency of marijuana can be arrived at only as the result of studies of its use in relation to the entire life-pattern of the addict.

This article is not intended to add to what has already been brought to light in the controversy over the dangers of marijuana, but rather to discuss the behavior of users observed during the course of my research; a significant part of this behavior is the argot or lingo, which contrasts sharply with that used by addicts of opiates.

I am frankly skeptical regarding the highly touted aphrodisiac effects which marijuana is reputed to have on the unconditioned smoker, although some

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habitual or occasional addicts state that they like the drug because it reduces their inhibitions and gives them the feeling that they are sexually irresistible. I cannot help feeling that the effects of the drug are intensified by a psychological situation in which the smoker has been conditioned to expect and to experience these effects. When neophytes are being initiated into the mysteries of the drug, for instance, it becomes obvious that, without the liberal use of suggestion, the smoker would apparently feel little more euphoria or exhilaration than he might from the consumption of a whisky highball. The exaggerated merriment, the partly forced laughter, the affected ribaldry, all suggest that the experimenter is working rather hard at being a *tea-hound*. He is trying to behave as he thinks he should; he would be disappointed if he did not experience the sensations which he knows are associated with the drug. He wants to become a *viper*.

II

What is marijuana? It is simply commercial hemp which is a native weed in the southwest United States and Mexico, but which, as gangs who deal in it as a drug have demonstrated, can easily be cultivated anywhere in the country. It has a very bad name down in Asia Minor — hashish. The habit-forming drug is not contained in any quantity in the leaves, as is sometimes believed, but develops in late maturity in the female hemp flowers,

just before the plant goes to seed. The flowers of the male plant do not produce *cannabin*. The ripe female flowering tops are stripped of their leaves and are then known to dealers and addicts as *potiguaya*. These pods are dried and crushed and are ready to pass into commerce as bulk marijuana, often mixed with tobacco or some other base to facilitate smoking.

This drug is known to the fraternity as *greefo*, *muggles*, *Mary Warner*, *fu*, *bo-bo bush*, *mezz*, *Indian hay*, *mutah*, *Texas tea*, etc. Cigarettes made from it are *reefers*, *sticks*, or *twists*. Addicts are *reefing-men*, *vipers*, or *tea-men*; those who habitually roll their own cigarettes for economy are *twisters*.

The standard price per cigarette seems to vary from fifteen to twenty-five cents — with a profit of about 1000 per cent for the manufacturer. Many dealers in the more highbrow dance spots sell a special variety for fifty cents a throw; it is whispered to the customer that they contain "an extra wallop," but they usually contain exactly the same ingredients as the cheaper type, but are sometimes distinguished by a brown wrapper instead of a white.

Marijuana is almost always inhaled in the form of smoke, though some addicts like to soak bits of the *potiguaya* in liquor. Smoking is known as *viping* or *sending*. Addicts use a somewhat different technique from that one would use in smoking an ordinary cigarette. The *reefer* is held in the center of the mouth and the lips on either side are drawn back to allow the

entrance of considerable air as the addict inhales. Since a good deal of the absorption appears to take place in the lungs, the more air one gets with the smoke, the more intense the effect is said to be. New recruits are usually "taught" to smoke by peddlers or other addicts, often by girls who get a commission on what they sell. All the effects are described in detail by the "teacher" in an atmosphere of voluptuous merriment, and the smoker is given every encouragement to say that he feels the effect of the drug. Soon the neophyte learns to get the reactions without much assistance, though it is to be noted that marijuana is almost always consumed in the company of the opposite sex.

Marijuana smoke smells somewhat like the interior of an ancient and untempted coffee pot. The first symptom of euphoria is unrestrained laughter and a general atmosphere of good fellowship; dealers, I have noted, almost always attempt to establish this atmosphere artificially before the drug could have possibly had time to take effect. After two or three cigarettes the smoker feels a sense of well-being, his ego expands, and he exhibits some of the glow which frequently accompanies cases of very mild intoxication. If there is music available — and there always is — he feels a desire to dance. He may have the delusion that he is irresistible. His inhibitions break down (though most people who use it have few inhibitions left to break down) and he abandons himself to mutual erotic stimulation on the dance floor.

The relation of marijuana consumption to swing music is very interesting. Most addicts want swing music while they are on a jag; many swing musicians are addicts, and some popular composers and directors attribute much of their success to the rhythms released by the drug. Such songs as *Texas Tea Party*, *The Chant of the Weed*, *Smokin' Reefers*, *Reefer-Man*, *Viper's Moan*, *Viper's Drag*, *Muggles*, etc. reflect, in a very thinly disguised manner, the close relation of drug-aroused sexual desire to swing music. How much of this sexual stimulation is due to the drug, how much to the music, how much to one's partner, and how much to the state of anticipation which dominates the addict's mind, is difficult to say.

The popular belief in marijuana as a powerful aphrodisiac persists; perhaps the fact that it does persist makes it a potent agent. Some time ago, a well-known health-fad magazine carried a rather flamboyant article in which a beautiful, innocent, completely unsuspecting virgin was solemnly pictured as smoking one cigarette at her escort's suggestion, whereupon she lapsed promptly into a voluptuous swoon, became putty in his hands, and demanded to see his etchings. I can't escape the cynical feeling that the young lady over-estimated the excitive powers of marijuana. Although the drug does release inhibitions and may have some sexual implications, it isn't like turning on an electric switch. It takes time and practice to *vipe* satisfactorily.

Later stages of addiction, if the doses are timed properly, may be characterized by periods of depression following states of exaltation in which the addict experiences fleeting sexual dreams and feels something of the power over time and space which opiate addicts associate with morphine euphoria. If smoking is continued, the addict passes out cold. Some Federal officials feel that the last trance-like state is the dangerous stage, for while in it addicts sometimes break up furniture, strip off their clothes and scream hysterically, or become extremely pugnacious. Afterwards they conveniently remember nothing.

III

Naturally, the marijuana traffic produces many addicts and pseudo-addicts, although the users of the drug do not manifest many of the physiological, psychological, and social characteristics which are to be observed among those who are addicted to opiates. The marijuana habit is easy to spread, it is not so expensive as other forms of addiction, it has a certain romantic appeal, and youngsters are especially susceptible to it. The use of the drug is closely linked to the prostitution racket and many brothels and call-houses supply marijuana cigarettes to both the girls and their patrons — at the usual price.

Prostitutes who deliberately smoke a *reefer* before a waiting customer in order to be able to "show him a

better time" are of course only playing upon the illusions of gullible male as their profession has done from time immemorial. However, the only additional pleasure that the customer receives is that of paying for the *reefer*. The next step of course is selling the customer a smoke (or giving him one as a starter), and if he once establishes the link between *muggles* and sexual gratification, he is hooked — though hardly in the sense that he would be hooked on opium, morphine, heroin, or cocaine, for his system does not develop a tolerance to the drug (thereby obviating an increase in dosage), and there are no measurable withdrawal symptoms. Marijuana addicts are not as a rule accepted into the fraternity of full-fledged narcotic addicts, but are regarded as distinctly inferior in depravity.

Marijuana addicts are clannish, but not so much so as opiate addicts, who regard outsiders with suspicion and distrust exceeded only by the fear with which they look upon other addicts suspected of being *stool pigeons*. They are also suspicious, but seem to take their group-solidarity less seriously than do other addicts — perhaps because deprivation of the drug does not carry with it the connotation of severe withdrawal distress which it carries for users of opium, morphine, or heroin. It is infinitely easier, for instance, for a stranger to gain entrance to a *tea-pad* where marijuana is used than it is to be admitted to an opium den. But then there are more *tea-pads* than opium dens.

Like all groups operating outside the law, marijuana addicts have developed their own secret or semi-secret argot, which differs sharply from that of opiate addicts. One of the most interesting of these differences is the fact that it overlaps the lingo of the jitterbug, jive and swing groups and hence has a tendency to filter into respectable speech. While probably only a small proportion of so-called jitterbugs are *mug-les* addicts, the jitterbug is thrown into direct contact with some users, and both jitterbug talk and the argot of the *vipers* have their linguistic roots well-grounded in the fast life of the Harlem dives and brothels.

It appears to be true that excessive use of *cannabin*, the toxic element in marijuana, may eventually release subconscious impulses leading to the commission of violent crimes while the addict is in a confused state, or in delirium. However, the same may be said regarding the excessive use of alcohol. As yet it is difficult to ascertain just how significant marijuana may be in the motivation of crime, although some criminals like to attribute their crimes to marijuana in the hope of securing leniency in court — and often they are not disappointed.

The danger of wholesale addiction among stable, legitimate people is, I think, overrated. Reports have come out repeatedly during the past several years which have set women's clubs agog with tales of so-called "love

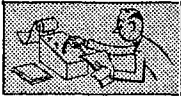
cults" in high schools; boys and girls of tender age, it is stated, engage in group orgies after having smoked themselves into a fine frenzy of desire. I seriously doubt that adolescent promiscuity is promoted to any extent by the group-use of marijuana, or that "love cults" among youngsters of high school age exist in appreciable numbers outside the imaginations of the gullible. While such cults do exist in small numbers, as any psychiatrist or sociologist knows, they are most often attended strictly by the sophisticate.

More dangerous to the youth of the land — especially those in the large urban centers — is heroin (*witch-hazel*, *H.*, *courage-pills* to the initiate), a powerful opiate to which they may be addicted by unscrupulous peddlers. This method of addiction receives relatively little publicity, presumably because it lacks the titillating element of sex. But it, along with morphine, accounts for many of the thieves, shoplifters and pickpockets who support their habits by crime.

The conclusion to be drawn is that the use of marijuana, although less habit-forming than other narcotics, is nonetheless dangerous to the unstable type of person. It may serve as amusement for some thrill-seekers, but it is risky amusement, for the fact that one habitually seeks his entertainment in that form reveals a treacherous instability of personality which may lead merrily to the gutter, or worse.



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THE FIRST ROOSEVELT

BY GEORGE E. MOWRY

IN BOTH years and spirit Theodore Roosevelt was America's youngest President. Successively as young naturalist, cowboy, soldier and President he remained something of an adolescent throughout his life. But perhaps no other President has better reflected the spirit of his times. For America in 1901, measured by the yardstick of international power, was passing through its own period of adolescence as a nation. Like Roosevelt's, its virtues were those of high-minded, confident youth endowed with enormous energy and a will to power, but lacking perspective and experience. So were its faults.

Henry Adams characterized Roosevelt as "pure act." He was referring both to Roosevelt's tremendous personal vitality and to a certain youthful quality of brashness, which Adams felt did not quite become a statesman. In fact, Adams, along with many other cautious Americans, was always fearful of the President's tendency to act without apparent reflection. But such sentiments had little effect on the buoyant Roosevelt. As a boy he al-

ways felt, according to his sister, that he could do everything better than any of his fellows. That certainty increased with age. Measured against the average statesman, Roosevelt was certainly long on confidence and short on the caution that usually comes with maturity. And so was America during those years.

For the first 125 years of its independence this nation had lived in the house of its fathers, relatively free from the affairs and the responsibilities of the rest of the world. Protected by two oceans and by the existing balance of power in Europe, it had lived a sheltered life up to 1898, engrossed in its own continental development. Following one of the precepts of the Monroe Doctrine, it had shied away from imperialism and attended strictly to its own domestic knitting with huge success. Then in 1898, with little or no debate, and seemingly less thought, it had launched out in the Caribbean and across the Pacific to create an American Empire. Perhaps that was inevitable. But the suddenness of this depar-

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ture from an old American policy and the lack of preparation was characteristic of this age. In 1900 this nation dimly saw only a few of the problems connected with ruling millions of peoples of diverse races. It understood even less the responsibilities and the dangers in becoming an Asiatic power.

Theodore Roosevelt's youthfulness showed itself also in his sharply dualistic concept of morality. He had the sophomoric trait of dividing most issues and persons into sharp categories of right and wrong. With monotonous regularity he judged himself morally right and his opponents infamously wrong. That too was America in 1900. Concerned almost entirely with developing an abundantly rich and protected continent, the United States before 1900 had rarely been required to play the game of international power. Consequently it had built up a set of moralistic attitudes about international politics. The average American had long since concluded that power politics, imperialism and the balance of power were devices exclusively of the devil and Europe. No chance was therefore lost to castigate such an international sinner as the British Empire.

Europeans sensitive to American criticism must have breathed a sigh of relief in 1898. By making a virtual protectorate of Cuba, annexing the Hawaiian Islands, and seizing Puerto Rico and the Philippines, we suddenly reserved for ourselves a seat at the counter of imperialism. Despite the

fact that the Americans were following an old pattern, they did not learn then, nor would they for many years, that those who make international mud pies have to dirty their hands. To the amazement of Europeans, we would not admit to ourselves that ours was an ordinary war for empire. A few men like Senator Beveridge of Indiana talked of naval bases and of Asiatic markets, but to the man on the street this was a war for the *Maine* and for Cuban freedom.

II

Even if Theodore Roosevelt had not been President an American surge to world power would have been in the cards. But it was peculiarly appropriate that he was one of the chief actors in the drama. Long before 1898 he had bluntly written to his friend Henry Cabot Lodge, "This country needs a war." As Assistant Secretary of the Navy he had planned for that war against Spain, and without authority from his superiors had ordered Dewey, if war broke out, to start "defensive operations" in the Philippines. After the declaration of war Roosevelt resigned his position to become a frontline soldier. At the same time he was feverishly urging his friends in Congress to seize and hold as much of the Spanish Empire as possible. It was not until many years later that he wrote in his autobiography, "I abhor an unjust war."

During Roosevelt's seven years as President the great departure from

old American traditions was accelerated. A canal through Panama had been in men's dreams for years, but until we had acquired an empire it had never been an urgent problem for us. Roosevelt was in so much haste to dig the canal that international niceties and theoretical justice were swept aside. "I took Panama," he later declared, and historians have subsequently agreed that his boast was not without some truth. Simultaneously Roosevelt and his Secretary of War, Elihu Root, reorganized the Army and improved the Navy. With the canal assured, American diplomacy could be extended to both the Orient and Europe. And it was not long until the President had plunged this nation into the heart of European and Asiatic affairs.

By invitation in 1904, emissaries of Japan and Russia met in Portsmouth, New Hampshire, to settle an Asiatic war. Roosevelt was impartial arbiter. Two years later the United States sat in international conference at Algeiras, where the great alliances of Europe came to loggerheads over the control of Morocco. Roosevelt admitted that the interests of the United States at Algeiras were infinitesimally small. Nevertheless American diplomacy helped to win a victory for France and England and to create in Germany's mind a growing fear of encirclement that helped to bring on World War I.

At Portsmouth Roosevelt talked of a just and lasting peace. During the first part of negotiations he was ad-

mittedly friendly to the Japanese, and only when he felt that they were asking too much did he swing his support to Russia. But wherever the dictates of an impartial arbiter's sense of justice might have led, it was obvious afterward that the President had done an excellent job of balancing Russian and Japanese power in the Orient, where the supremacy of either constituted a threat to growing American interests.

Just ten years separated the diplomacy of Grover Cleveland from Theodore Roosevelt's at Portsmouth and Algeiras. But in their conception of America's place in the world order and in their significance for the future the two were as different as cider and ale. Somewhere between the two the United States had turned a corner from which there was no turning back. Cleveland's America was the little America, a continental America self-centered, belligerent only in its defense of the Western Hemisphere, with its main interest focused on the northernmost portion of that Hemisphere. Roosevelt's America stretched south to the Panama Canal and beyond, west to the Orient and east to the heart of Europe. The one looked back to the days of America's infancy, the other straight ahead to the power of an adult nation burdened with world problems. Under Theodore Roosevelt the United States had come of age in the world family of nations; time was soon to present to the country its bill of responsibilities and the costs of adulthood.

III

To a great extent the evolution of the United States from a mere stripling of a nation to a world power was a reflection of its internal development. When Roosevelt was born in 1858 this country was still essentially agricultural. The majority of its citizens were farmers, and the government had for years been run in their interests. The Civil War disrupted that political pattern completely. By the time Roosevelt became President, the United States, measured in terms of production, was already one of the great industrial nations of the world. The rapid growth was not without its cost. So intent was America on its material progress in these years that everything else seemed to be sacrificed in favor of industrialization and its profits. Never before had the United States developed so quickly. And never before had this nation created more internal problems and solved so few of them.

The years from 1865 to 1900 witnessed the making of most of the great American fortunes. They were also years of woe for the farmer and the laborer. Trusts and monopolies threatened the existence of the small businessman, and most of the great natural resources of the nation were controlled by a very few. As capital was concentrated, so was political power. In 1912 at the Progressive convention, Senator Beveridge inveighed against the "invisible government" of this nation. He referred to the

indirect but effective political and economic control that the few possessors of great wealth and the equally few managers of great industrial and financial firms exercised over millions of Americans. Throughout the latter half of the nineteenth century, government from the city council to the Supreme Court more or less consistently appeared to reflect and protect the interests of the few as against the welfare of the majority. Coming from a diplomat, Lord Bryce's comment that the American city was one of the worst governed units in the world was fairly strong. And had Bryce not belonged to that guild of professional dissemblers he might have been almost as blunt in his descriptions of our state and national governments.

Those years did not pass without forceful protest. Third parties, bloody strikes and great books full of strident criticism were thrown against the politics of the status quo. Finally William Jennings Bryan, in the waning years of the century, led a major revolt under the banner of free silver. Until 1900 all such protests failed. From that time on, however, the pendulum swung rapidly. Starting in the Middle Western states, a sweeping reform movement to limit corporate privileges and to make government more responsive to the masses spread rapidly. By 1910 the so-called Progressive movement was nationwide.

Elevated to the Presidency by the death of McKinley in the autumn of 1901, Theodore Roosevelt had the option of following in the ways of his

conservative predecessors or of heading this new movement. That he chose to head the movement and yet curb it was thoroughly characteristic. And that in the end Roosevelt was mainly responsible for the stamping out of any effective progressivism in the Republican party for a generation was perhaps also characteristic. During the seven years of his Presidency, however, there is no doubt that he contributed much to the rise of progressive political action in the United States. For one thing, he imparted to the office power and prestige lacking since the days of Lincoln, in part by his own tremendous energy and in part by re-establishing over the head of Congress a direct connection between the Presidency and the people. This was a step that has always seemed necessary for successful liberal action in America, for in general the impulse for broad reform movements in this country has come from the President and not Congress. Furthermore, Roosevelt was in the great tradition of American liberal leadership in supporting direct primaries and other devices to "let the people rule."

Weary of listening to Roosevelt's incessant strictures on public and private morality, Thomas B. Reed once remarked that he was glad to see that Theodore had rediscovered the Ten Commandments. But Roosevelt did more than talk morality; he reinvigorated the national government and, in fact, the whole nation with it. Certainly during the Roosevelt years the corrupt in public office, from

wardheelers to congressmen, were on the defensive.

As Assistant Secretary of the Navy before the Spanish War, Roosevelt made a speech in which he cautioned the nation not to put too much trust in its bankers and industrialists. One thousand successful financiers, he remarked, cannot leave the heritage that Farragut left. In part that was the jingo speaking. In part it was the voice of an uncommon American who did not share with his successful friends their reverence for wealth. As President he elaborated on this theme. For a decade the Sherman Anti-Trust Act had gone unenforced by Harrison, Cleveland and McKinley. In less than six months after assuming office Roosevelt started a suit against the Northern Securities Company, a railroad combine supported by Morgan, Rockefeller, Harriman and Hill. Thereafter suits were instituted against some of America's greatest industrial combinations. Since the Civil War the center of power in this country had been not in the government but in the hands of the masters of capital. Roosevelt made the opening moves in redressing that balance. He kept on in the same direction during the rest of his administration. With and without congressional approval he took the first decisive steps to conserve what remained of the nation's basic resources. And the Hepburn Rate Bill, whatever its deficiencies, gave to an impotent Interstate Commerce Commission a sizable grant of regulatory power.

It was in the anthracite coal strike of 1902 that Roosevelt most clearly revealed his departure from the old concepts of the proper relationship between government and business. Here was a familiar pattern of drawn-out conflict between capital and labor, causing long public sufferance. Roosevelt had good precedent for doing nothing even when schools and homes were freezing cold. From Van Buren to McKinley a succession of American Presidents had refused to act in times of economic crisis or labor conflict on the grounds that such things were none of the government's concern. Roosevelt not only forced the coal operators to meet with union representatives in the White House, but he threatened to use the Army to dig coal unless the operators backed down on their refusal to grant pay raises. This Presidential threat won coal production for the nation and a moderate raise for the laborers. It also carried with it the assumption that the public had rights in labor disputes and that the government might act to enforce those rights. By placing the Federal government in the business of labor mediation Roosevelt was dimly foreshadowing the future. It was a long road from the anthracite coal strike to the Wagner Act, but in 1902 the journey was started.

IV

Despite his solid contributions to reform, many progressives were never entirely happy with Theodore Roo-

sevelt. He was too much of a Republican partisan to attract Democratic liberals. Besides, he usually promised a great deal more than he performed. The advanced wing of the reform movement, whether Democratic or Republican, never could be sure that Roosevelt would not belabor it in a speech as thoroughly as the reactionaries. Roosevelt was after all a middle-of-the-roader. Like most progressive politicians of his day he was not too happy with the labor movement and instinctively disliked its more class-conscious elements. Instead of viewing the state as a cockpit where policy was determined from the sharp clash of economic groups, Roosevelt saw it as an ethical agent above such mundane battles. His ideal statesman — someone cut close to the Roosevelt pattern, of course — was not a jobber between economic groups but a dispenser of public morality.

It was in part this desire to place the power of government far above that of either labor or capital that led him to espouse the New Nationalism. Certainly his formulation of these doctrines in 1910 and again in the Progressive party's platform constituted an important step in the long-term evolution of American liberal principles. Since the days of Jackson every great liberal leader had followed the classic liberal doctrine of Jefferson. One of the fundamental tenets of that doctrine was a fear of bigness in either private or public business. Just as Jefferson had opposed Hamilton's powerful state, the majority of twentieth-

century progressives sought the solution to the problems of monopoly capitalism not in state regulation but in anti-trust laws and competition. Roosevelt also tried this remedy, but by the end of his second term he knew he was fighting against an inevitable tide. In 1910 he publicly recognized that the only solution to the problems of big capital and big labor was to be found in big government. In urging the regulation of private property "to whatever degree the public welfare might require it," he revealed that he felt that a potent bureaucracy and an enormous increase in the power of the Federal government were unavoidable. If the doctrinal roots of the New Deal lead back anywhere in American history, they lead back not to Woodrow Wilson's New Freedom but to the Progressive party and the New Nationalism.

In forming the Progressive party in 1912 on a platform which incorpo-

rated the principles of the New Nationalism, Theodore Roosevelt made one other lasting contribution to American political history. For ten years progressivism in the Republican party had been growing. By 1911 it threatened to control the party, and perhaps would have succeeded, had not many of its powerful leaders followed Roosevelt into his new Progressive party. But when they were forced back to Republicanism in 1916 by Roosevelt's abrupt killing of the Progressive party, they came back a dispirited and powerless group. More than any other single man Theodore Roosevelt was responsible for the conservative bent of the Republican party in the next generation. Twenty years after 1912, Harold Ickes, Bronson Cutting, and many another old Bull Mooser had to support the Democratic party in order to give renewed life to Theodore Roosevelt's New Nationalism.



Phrase Origins — 8

RED-LETTER DAY: The printers of early prayer books and calendars marked festivals, holy days and saints' days in red to distinguish them from ordinary days. Our calendars continue this practice for Sundays and holidays, which are of course days on which no work is done.

A "red-letter day" is now one that is special for some reason: because it is workfree, or a day of celebration, or in any way memorable.

— DAVID T. ARMSTRONG

WHAT DOCTORS KNOW ABOUT GLAUCOMA

BY LOUISE CROSS

GLAUCOMA has totally blinded at least 20,000 people in this country and left another 150,000 with sight in only one eye. Between three and five thousand more have lost enough vision to be seriously handicapped. Some leading medical authorities believe that 90 per cent of all this tragedy is absolutely unnecessary. Then why is the record so bad? Glaucoma can't be prevented because its cause is still unknown, but if it is discovered early and carefully treated there is usually no danger of serious loss of eyesight. Indeed, to many of those afflicted with glaucoma it need mean only the slight inconvenience of using eye-drops regularly and paying regular visits to an eye physician. The root of the trouble is that probably only 20 per cent of all the population — including those who visit a physician and dentist regularly — ever consult an eye specialist. And those who do frequently fail to realize that glaucoma must be meticulously and continuously treated.

The Greeks gave the disease its name from their word meaning green, because during an acute attack of

glaucoma, or in an eye which is blind or nearly blind as a result of glaucoma, the pupil reflects a dull, greenish light. Now it is known that glaucoma may run a long course — often without causing any noticeable change in the eye — before it reaches this stage.

What is glaucoma? The basic characteristic is a hardening of the eyeball. What causes it? Germs apparently have nothing to do with it, except that sometimes a germ disease in the eye may lead to glaucoma as a complication.

Glaucoma appears to be a functional disturbance in the eyeball. The eyeball is best described as a hollow sphere containing the various organs of vision. Filling all the spaces between these organs are transparent substances, one of them jelly-like and one a fluid. In a healthy eye there is just enough fluid to keep the eyeball in shape. The fluid is constantly being manufactured and a surplus just as constantly being disposed of. In glaucoma supply gets ahead of disposal, and the minute drainage canals that carry off the surplus gradually become narrower

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and narrower until they cannot carry off the normal amount. They may even become completely stopped up. The eyeball cannot swell because it is inelastic. Consequently, as more and more fluid accumulates, the ball becomes hard and tense. Eventually the pressure of the tightly packed fluid begins to injure the delicate structures within the eyeball, including the important optic nerve, and the nerves radiating from it, which we call the retina.

As the nerves of the retina are crushed, vision begins to be impaired around the outer edges, where it is not much noticed. At this point a qualified physician, with the co-operation of the patient, can usually prevent further damage. But if the case is neglected, eyesight will slowly disappear, with vision disappearing closer and closer to the center of the eyeball. Eventually total blindness sets in.

II

The question is this: What causes the supply and drainage of fluid to get out of balance? We don't know. However, we do know that certain other eye diseases may be followed by glaucoma, and that successful treatment of these other eye diseases will usually greatly relieve the resultant, or secondary, glaucoma as well.

Primary glaucoma cannot be traced to any one specific cause. Various factors, such as poor general health, other illnesses, unwise living habits,

nervous or emotional upsets, definitely contribute to it.

Take the case of Mrs. R. For many years regular treatment had kept her glaucoma well within bounds. Suddenly she turned up at the clinic one morning with such seriously increased pressure that she had to have an operation immediately to save her sight. The social worker found she had had very unpleasant experiences with an unfair landlady. Through the Red Cross her son, who was away on Army service, was granted an emergency furlough. She was overjoyed at seeing him, and he found a new and charming apartment for her. She soon regained her normal good spirits, and continued treatment has kept her eyes in good shape ever since.

Disturbances which are not so immediately personal can also be dangerous. In one clinic all the French patients were decidedly worse the day after the liberation of Paris. The day after President Roosevelt's death many glaucoma patients had definitely raised pressures. Joy or sorrow in extremes, any undue excitement or nervous strain, may accelerate glaucoma.

Some people receive no warning at all in the early stages of glaucoma. Others do have signs that something is wrong. Most frequently they find that they need new glasses much oftener than they used to, and that the new glasses are not satisfactory. They may have unusual trouble finding their way in the dark; in twilight or dusk they stumble even at the familiar doorstep

of their own houses, or cannot locate the keyhole. Coming into a brightly lighted room after a long period in the dark may make their eyes very uncomfortable. One eye, or one temple, or another part of the face may ache.

About 90 per cent of all glaucoma cases belong to the chronic type. The other 10 per cent have acute attacks with such sudden startling loss of vision and such severe pain in the eyes and head that a doctor is usually called at once. The transparent cornea over the front of the eye looks steamy; the lids may be swollen; the entire visible part of the eye may be badly inflamed and colored dark red. The pupil is much larger than normal. There is often nausea, and the patient may be quite ill. Such an attack is as serious as an acute attack of appendicitis.

In acute cases a sedative is first administered. Then, perhaps as often as every fifteen minutes, medicines to reduce the pressure are put into the eyes. Drugs known as miotics are the backbone of this treatment: eserine and pilocarpine, made from the Calabar bean, are most commonly used. How these drugs act is still rather uncertain. Not all act in the same way. But all of them in one way or another improve the ability of the blood vessels and canals to absorb excess fluid. Sometimes it is necessary to try more than one before the best choice for an individual is found.

In some cases these drugs work so well that surgery can be postponed. But usually an operation is imperative

as soon as the pressure has been brought down. If an operation is necessary, it is usually performed within the first day or two, because in acute glaucoma vision may be lost very rapidly.

There are several types of operation used. All of them establish a new drainage system to replace the natural one which has gotten out of order. Pressure may come down to normal almost at once, or it may only be improved to a point where miotics will probably keep it down. Sometimes a second operation is needed. And, as in all surgery, there are occasional failures.

Some people have mild attacks preceding acute glaucoma. All too often the attacks are blamed on the stomach upsets that are apt to come with them. Usually these attacks become increasingly frequent and severe.

Chronic cases can often be treated with miotics, at least for some time. But many, perhaps most, chronic cases need operation sooner or later. However, so long as treatments are meticulously continued and regular examinations are made there is little danger in most cases. But even a short period of neglect may mean that more precious vision is lost, and lost for good, because dead visual nerves can never be brought back to life.

III

There is good reason for insisting that eye examinations be made by an ophthalmologist. He alone is specially

trained to diagnose and treat eye diseases. He has at his disposal instruments to test the field of vision, including a tonometer designed to measure the most delicate variations in eye pressure.

The optometrist who prescribes glasses and the optician who grinds lenses are specialists in their own fields. Many people refer to both as "opticians." Occasionally an unscrupulous one advertises himself as an "eye doctor." Those who don't understand the distinction between an eye physician and an optometrist sometimes pay a heavy price for their ignorance.

Take the case of J. R. For many years he had supported his family very comfortably. But his eyes had troubled him, and he had gone from optometrist to optometrist for new glasses until his vision became so poor that he lost his position. At this point he came to an eye clinic, and it was found that his trouble was an advanced case of glaucoma. Treatment has been fairly successful for so advanced a case, and he hopes still to find some sort of work he can do in spite of his handicap. If he had gone to the clinic early enough he might still be at his old job.

Then there is the experience of Mr. F. For years he had been treated for stomach trouble which a good family physician thought was responsible for his severe headaches. But when his eyes finally forced him to stop work he looked around in desperation for help in new quarters. When he came

at last to an eye clinic it was too late. He is now blind.

Anyone over forty has reached the period in which glaucoma is most frequent, and ought certainly to go regularly to an ophthalmologist for eye examinations.

Most people say they would "do anything" to avoid blindness. Yet studies made by some eye clinics disclose that as few as four per cent of all glaucoma patients returned for treatment longer than two years; apparently most of the patients did not understand the seriousness of their problem. Several special glaucoma clinics now employ social workers to explain the disease to patients, to keep them coming back, and to assist them with other related problems. In one such clinic 96 per cent of all patients returned for treatment through the next two and a half years.

The Glaucoma Committee of the National Society for the Prevention of Blindness has started a campaign with the double purpose of education in the meaning of glaucoma and providing improved care for victims of the disease. Three years ago a model glaucoma clinic was established at the Manhattan Eye, Ear and Throat Hospital in New York City which not only gives the most expert care to patients but keeps records with a view to research on basic problems connected with the disease. This clinic serves also as an observation center for doctors, nurses, volunteers and social workers who want to carry on similar work elsewhere.

PAUL-HENRI SPAAK

BY ANDRE VISSON

ONE night in February 1934, Paul-Emile Janson, the white-bearded, dignified leader of the Belgian Liberal Party, then Minister of Justice in the Catholic-Liberal cabinet, received shocking news. A group of young Socialists, headed by his nephew, Paul-Henri Spaak, had spent the evening smashing the windows of the rightist papers in Brussels. The demonstrators had had to be put behind bars. But the future first president of the United Nations General Assembly did not spend that night in jail.

Paul-Henri Spaak, a burly six-footer whose young smiling Churchillian face was topped by a LaGuardia hat, had enjoyed the immunity of a member of the Belgian House of Representatives since 1932. Moreover, he had not himself participated in the acts of violence. He had even tried to prevent them. But to his political foes, as well as to many of his friends, Spaak was from then on the "window-smasher." With ironical good humor he accepted this political tag, which was to be followed by many others.

He has in succession been labeled fellow-traveler, crypto-fascist, "royal stooge," anti-French, pro-German, "traitor to his King" and, more recently, "window-dummy of the British Empire" and "Number One diplomatic agent of the anti-Soviet Western European bloc."

One of Belgium's best tennis players, Spaak has carried over to the political arena the alertness and assurance he displays on the tennis courts. In ten years he has moved unperturbed through a harassing string of domestic and international crises, together with the trials of two World Wars, and risen from the editorship of a left-wing periodical, through the Belgian Ministry of Foreign Affairs, to the first presidency of the United Nations General Assembly.

At the Conference of Paris Spaak took over from Australia's Herbert Evatt the rôle of diplomatic spokesman for the small nations. Both men played the same tune in Paris. But while Evatt was beating an undiplomatic drum which resounded across the oceans, Spaak played a diplomatic

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violin, and played it only when his music had a chance to induce the Big Four to revise their decisions.

II

The political career of Paul-Henri Spaak is a story of great personal success. The political evolution of Spaak is the story of a whole intellectual generation in between-wars Western Europe.

Spaak was born forty-seven years ago in Brussels. Racially he is a "perfect" Belgian: his father was of Flemish stock, and his mother, a Janson, was a Walloon. Socially he belongs to the solid bourgeoisie, with artistic traditions on his father's side and political connections on mother's. His father, Paul Spaak, was a charming poet and the successful director of the Brussels Royal Opera, the Monnaie. His mother, not satisfied with being the daughter and sister of two outstanding Liberal statesmen, aspired to be a political personality in her own right. In Belgium women cannot vote in national elections, but they can be elected to office by the vote of males. Spaak's mother became a candidate on the Labor ticket, and was the first woman to enter the Senate.

Paul-Henri, nicknamed "Fifi," spent the winters at his parents' home in Brussels and the summers at his grandfather's Chateau de Chooz on the French border. At an age when boys are usually playing with toy blocks, he heard his family discuss

how difficult it was to fuse political blocs into a working coalition, and how political power could best be used to improve social conditions.

When World War I came, Spaak was fifteen. At the age of seventeen, together with a few friends he tried to escape through Holland to join the Belgian Army in France. Caught by the Germans, he spent two years in a prison camp. This gave him the status of a veteran and allowed him to finish his law studies at the University of Brussels in two and a half years instead of five.

As a young lawyer he had a brilliant career before him. His family connections with the Liberal party could bring him the most lucrative legal practice in Brussels. The Liberals in Belgium had by that time become the party of big banks and great industries whose financial power had expanded far beyond Belgium's and even Europe's borders.

But young Spaak's ambitions transcended material success. He wanted the political power of his grandfather and his uncle. Only such power could give him the feeling of living a life full of action. Only such power could assure the social justice he sought for the underprivileged. He could easily have acquired power by joining the Liberal party. But he felt that in its ranks he could not achieve his desires for social amelioration. The Belgian Liberals, like their counterparts in many other European countries, had worn down their political and social ardor in the long fight for civil liber-

ties and for abolition of the special privileges of the Church. Their main concern was to maintain the political conquests they had made during the nineteenth century and to prevent the comeback of the Church as a dominant political factor. They welcomed social progress, but they were naturally conservative in both their political and social thinking. They had no appeal for the working classes. So Spaak followed the example of his mother and turned to the Labor party. He was not inherently an orthodox Marxist. His family background made him resistant to any dogma, social or religious. But in Belgium socialism was less dominated by Marxist dogma than it was in other continental countries. Like their English friends, Belgian socialists called themselves the "Labor" party. But like other European socialists they were going through an acute ideological crisis. Originally a revolutionary party of the class-war and Workers International type, they were nibbled at by Communism on the Left and by bourgeois trends on the Right. Their trade-unionism, with its semi-feudal administration, flourishing cooperatives, publishing enterprises and banks, was officially "socialist," but by structure it belonged rather to the capitalist system.

In the impatience of his youthful revolutionary enthusiasm, Spaak found the Labor party "too bourgeois." He joined its left wing, and in an effort to lead the party back to revolutionary ideals, founded a mili-

tant periodical called *Action Socialiste*. In its pages he criticized the conciliatory tactics of old Labor leaders and advocated a revolutionary general strike. His violent articles brought him social boycott on the tennis courts of Brussels' exclusive Leopold Club. He was to return to those courts a few years later, as Belgium's Foreign Minister, to play a game of tennis with the visiting King of Sweden.

III

Spaak began his political career in Europe's revolutionary days. Communism in Russia, Fascism in Italy and the burgeoning Nazism in Germany were pushing democracy out of Europe. Even in the traditionally democratic countries of Western Europe democracy was on the defensive. Spaak's generation appeared to be more concerned about social justice than about political freedoms. Spaak himself did not want to give up the freedoms won by his Liberal ancestors. But he believed that political democracy, having achieved its objectives, had to be replaced by social democracy. And remembering the revolutionary origins of Europe's political democracy, he believed that the coming European social democracy should also be established by revolution.

The "revolutionary period" in Spaak's life was a paradox. Liberal by background and temperament, in the best humanitarian traditions of the Low Countries, Spaak sought to act as a revolutionary at the very time when

all revolutionary forces in Europe were fundamentally anti-liberal. This produced a certain contradiction in his activities of that period.

He had to make a living for his wife — he had married a girl from a distinguished provincial family — and for their three children, so he practiced law. But he was always ready to represent any worker too poor to hire a lawyer. And he even dared to defend an Italian leftist who shot at — and missed — Prince Umberto of Italy when he visited Brussels to become the fiancé of Princess Marie-Jose of Belgium.

He had to play the game of parliamentary democracy, so in 1932 he let himself be elected on the Labor ticket as a representative from Brussels. But at the same time he continued exploring the possibilities of achieving social democracy in Belgium by revolutionary methods. He made a trip to Soviet Russia which he described in a series of articles for Brussels' leading daily. He was interested in the social side of the Soviet experience, but his deeply rooted humanitarian conception of life led him strongly to reject Soviet totalitarianism. He also went to Paris and there had long discussions with Trotsky, the best Bolshevik expert on revolutionary tactics.

By the end of 1934, however, Spaak realized that Belgium, like the rest of Western Europe, was absolutely unready for any revolutionary experience. Democracy in Western Europe, he felt, could not be rejuvenated by revolution. There was no hope that

the Belgian Labor party — any more than the British Labor party — would turn revolutionary. But if there was no chance for a social-democratic revolution in Belgium, why had the Belgian Labor party wasted its energies in sterile opposition since 1926? Of course, it was much easier to safeguard the Labor ideology while remaining in opposition. But Spaak was not a doctrinaire. A man of action, he believed that it was much more important to meet current social and political responsibilities than to safeguard an ossified political ideology. And if political action was impossible by revolution, it would have to be found in participation in the government.

In March 1935, Paul van Zeeland, Belgium's economic wizard, after being called on to solve a grave financial crisis, invited the socialists to join his coalition government. Spaak pleaded passionately with his party to accept this offer. "If you are unable to seize the power by revolutionary methods," he cried, "you should at least be able to exercise it in coalition with other parties!"

He won his case. The socialists joined the government and Spaak went to the Ministry of Transport. A year later, van Zeeland entrusted the thirty-seven-year-old Spaak with the Foreign Office. And from 1936 until now (with the exception of a four-month interruption during the summer of 1939), Spaak has weathered all crises and remained in office — throughout the war, the exile, the

liberation and the conflict with the King — responsible for Belgium's foreign policy.

Elected to office by the vote of workers, Spaak has felt for a long time that while his constituents belonged to the working classes they were first of all members of the national community. The professional interests of the worker could not be properly protected by the trade unions if the national interests of the community were not adequately defended. This led Spaak, together with Henri de Man — his companion and rival for the new leadership of the Belgian Labor party — to formulate a program for a "democratic national socialism." Spaak advocated a social system in which the professional interests of the working classes would be coordinated with, instead of being opposed to, the professional interests of all other members of the national community.

He applied this principle as Belgium's Minister of Foreign Affairs. His foreign policy was always that of his country, and never of his party or of the Belgian working classes. He recruited his ambassadors, for example, among career diplomats, who in Belgium are usually wealthy noblemen of conservative Catholic backgrounds.

IV

As Belgium's Minister of Foreign Affairs Spaak established and carried on, until war broke out, what became known as "King Leopold's policy of

Belgian independence." Having by 1936 lost confidence in the Western democracies, whose weakness condemned them to a policy of expediency and appeasement, Belgium wanted to reserve her freedom of action. When the European war broke out, King Leopold and Spaak desperately held on to the "policy of independence," which then became a policy of neutrality. They knew that neutrality could not protect Belgium from Nazi aggression, but they were stalling for time, trying to organize Belgium's limited means of defense.

"I would do anything for France," Spaak said to the writer in the winter of 1939, "but how can I help France by jumping into the stream — if I cannot swim?"

But the French could not understand Belgium's prewar foreign policy. Anyone who lacked confidence in France was "anti-French." And from "anti-French" to "pro-Nazi" was then just one step. Hitler's aggression against Belgium offered to Spaak the tragic opportunity to prove that he was not "anti-French." He went into exile after the collapse of both countries, and in London he was always the first to accord General de Gaulle's Free French movement successive degrees of government recognition.

The Nazi invasion of Belgium also killed the legend of Spaak-the-royal-stooge. When Spaak became the King's minister in 1935, he shared the republican faith which was part of the official program of the Belgian Labor party. But the very close cooperation

between the King and his republican and Laborite minister resulted in friendly, even affectionate, relations between the two men. Both were of the same generation. Both were young. The boyhood period of both had been marked by war and both wanted desperately to prevent its return to Belgium. Both were searching for greater social justice though they preferred different means. Leopold was very much impressed with Spaak. Spaak was seduced by Leopold's charm. The two men believed that they were born to make a great political team.

The team broke the night of May 23, 1940, in the castle of Wijnendael, near Ghent. Leopold stubbornly refused to follow Spaak and the other ministers into exile and declared that he would stay in Belgium with his army and his people.

The two men met five years later, at a castle in the Tirol. Spaak had hurriedly left the San Francisco Conference, where he had begun to be known among the representatives of the United Nations as a great orator and leader. He had flown to Austria to meet King Leopold, liberated by American troops after he had been carried away from Belgium by the Nazis. The two men were now strangers. Leopold, rancorous as all Coburgs, could not forgive Spaak the bitter words which he and the other ministers had spoken about their King in the summer of 1940. Spaak could not forgive Leopold his attitude under the occupation. Returning to Brussels after his meeting with the King, Spaak

used all his eloquence to convince the divided Parliament that for the unity of the Belgians and for the sake of his own dynasty, Leopold should not return to Belgium until an overwhelming majority called him back.

V

Spaak's exile, in 1940, began in most adventurous style. The Spanish police, breaking the promise of the Spanish Foreign Office, arrested Spaak and the Belgian Premier, Hubert Pierlot, for illegal entry from France, whither they had fled after the collapse of Belgium. The two men were placed under surveillance in Barcelona and were forbidden to leave Spain. Belgium's energetic ambassador in Madrid, Count Romrée de Vichenet, arranged for their escape. A delivery truck with a double partition brought the half-suffocated Spaak and Pierlot to Portugal, where they were picked up by a British plane.

Few European statesmen have benefited so much by exile as did Spaak. The four years he spent in England and the four trips he made to the United States revealed to him the variety, complexity and immensity of international problems, which in the prewar days in Brussels he used to consider on a narrow national level. The world as viewed from wartime London and, even more, from Washington seemed quite different from the world he saw when he sat in his old-fashioned ministerial office in the rue de la Loi. Strictly a continental

man, he discovered the importance of oceans and learned to think in global terms.

He became more convinced than ever before that only collective security could assure peace to smaller countries. For the sake of such security, Spaak was prepared, he declared in Washington, to give up voluntarily a part of Belgian sovereignty. But he can hardly be described as a "one-worlder." He is not even very sure of the existence of "one Europe." Western Europe, he argues, has followed for centuries a different way of life from that of Eastern Europe, which took its lead first from Byzantium and later from the Russia of the Czars. Now taken over and controlled by Soviet Russia, Eastern Europe, Spaak believes, will in any case go her own way. This is why he advocates so passionately the political and economic organization of Western Europe. He fervently believes in a community of interest among the Western European democracies and has great confidence in Western Europe's spiritual and economic resources. He is convinced that Western Europe's mission in this world is far from finished. But he is also convinced that this mission can be accomplished, that Europe's Western democracies can survive, only if they succeed in organizing the closest possible economic and political cooperation in a new world dominated by three giants — the United States, the Soviet Union and the China of tomorrow.

He shrugs his broad shoulders when

the Soviet press accuses him of helping build an anti-Soviet Western European bloc. He is fundamentally opposed to the idea of two hostile blocs, which must inevitably lead to a new world war. It is only because Moscow is unwilling — or unable — to accept the idea of a European community in which the Western democracies could maintain and develop their traditional way of life that he advocates the organization of a Western European community. And in order to prove to Russia that this community is not directed against her, he suggests that every member of the Western European group should be tied to Soviet Russia by a mutual-assistance pact on the pattern of the British-Soviet treaty. He is determined to persevere in his efforts, because he does not see any other peaceful way out of the present international deadlock.

VI

But while Spaak instinctively prefers any precarious compromise — provided it does not violate fundamental moral principles — to an open conflict, he has never been afraid of a fight and has never tried to avoid one when he felt that vital interests were at stake. His nonchalance, his forbearance, his inability to lose his temper and especially his strong dislike for brutal acts or measures have led many people to characterize him as very shrewd and able, but a weakling. Behind his forbearance and bonhomie, however, are hidden a very strong will,

the will of a man for whom there is no life without action, a man of great moral and physical courage.

Spaak has weathered many political storms in his country, storms which might have destroyed stronger men. In 1938 he succeeded in proving to the infuriated Labor party, violently opposed to the Franco régime in Spain, that his presence in the Belgian government was of much greater importance to the cause of Belgian Labor than the presence or absence of a Belgian envoy in Franco's Spain. During the same year, Belgian war veterans were infuriated by the appointment to the Flemish Academy of Medicine of a Flemish Nationalist who had been sentenced to death for his collaboration with the Germans in World War I, but later pardoned. A mob of veterans surrounded Spaak's car one day and threatened to kill him; Spaak calmly got out of the car, and said: "You asked for Spaak? Here he is!" One of the veterans slapped his face, but the others, impressed by Spaak's courage, stopped the assault. It was with the same courage that Spaak, upon his return to liberated Belgium, faced the Communist demonstrations in the streets of Brussels.

At a congress of his own party, he found himself, back from exile, faced by a hostile majority which wanted new leadership and argued that all those returning from abroad should re-enter the ranks in order to adjust to the changed conditions in the country. Spaak jumped to his feet and cried: "Does it mean that I will have to

start my career all over again and present myself as a candidate at the next municipal elections? I say to you: no go! no go! no go!" He recalled his whole record of service in the party and won his approval for remaining as the party's leader in the cabinet.

Spaak has an unusual eloquence. His voice is not rich. He does not use striking images. He purses his lips like Churchill, but he does not have Churchill's gift for coining sentences. He never makes historical references. His language is always simple and direct. It is the language of common sense with an undercurrent of emotion, which rarely comes to the surface but never fails to be effective when it does. This eloquence, which makes him one of the best, if not the best, orator in the French language today, has greatly helped his political career.

But the key to his success can perhaps more readily be found in his remarkable equilibrium. He may be carried away at times by idealism or ambition, but there is always a certain point beyond which he will not go.

In his youth he was carried far to the Left by his generosity, but he never became a fellow-traveler. Later, having discovered the obsolescence of Marxist socialism, he tried, together with Henri de Man, to create a kind of democratic "national socialism." But while de Man, who had more ideas than principles, let himself be seduced by Nazism, Spaak remained faithful to democracy. He believes that Europe can now survive only

with a planned economy, but he rejects all social systems which tread on human dignity, crush political freedoms and annihilate free enterprise. He was devoted to King Leopold, but when he discovered that Leopold was on the other side of the "historic truth," Spaak came out against the King.

Finally, while he is an unbeliever, as his entire family has been for generations, he does not have the anti-clerical bias of the older Belgian Liberals and socialists. Speaking as a Belgian statesman, he said privately, one day before the war, that the two pillars of Western civilization in Europe were the British Empire and the Catholic Church. And speaking as a man, he confessed, one night in Washington during the war: "I am an unbeliever, but whenever I meet someone who has religious faith, I am always deeply moved."

VII

This is the man who in October 1945 was elected in London to the first presidency of the United Nations General Assembly, and who is in any event likely to play in the years to come a prominent rôle in international

affairs. A ranking minister in General de Gaulle's cabinet, advocating Belgium's union with France, said of him that one of the greatest benefits of such a union would be to have Spaak as Minister of Foreign Affairs of a Greater France.

A spokesman for Western Europe's small nations, Spaak personifies both the evolution of Western European political philosophy and the political stability of that part of the world. Having seen his country twice overrun, he knows that another world war may mean the death knell for his people. Having refused to be chained down by the ideology of his own party, he will fight to prevent an ideological conflict on an international scale. Having advocated and practiced honorable compromise and honest co-operation between the traditionally hostile political parties in his native country, he will strive to obtain the same compromise and cooperation between the two hostile international camps. Should it ever come to a showdown, he would not hesitate; his choice was made long ago.

As long as there is the slightest chance for preserving a peace compatible with human dignity, Spaak will continue to explore that chance.



THE THEATRE

By GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

If Holly Wood Came to Dunsinane

LITTLE provides more tedious reading than most of what may be called the If articles, which concern themselves with the state of affairs that would befall in one direction or another in the event that something which might conceivably happen actually did happen, and whose published number has been legion.

There may, however, be some constructive irony in contemplating what might occur to the stage if the code governing the making of the moving pictures and supported by the Motion Picture Producers and Distributors of America were to have its counterpart in the theatre.

The possibility is not, after all, so absurdly extreme as its sounds. In certain instances, municipal or police censorship has already sought to impose upon the stage several of the very restrictions suffered by the screen. The New York closing of three such plays of sexual perversion, banned in their entirety by the movie code, as *The Captive*, *Pleasure Man* and *Trio*, has been a potential straw in the wind. So has been the moral suppression in other communities of various plays like *Strange Interlude* and *Tobacco Road*, along with the attempted sup-

pression of such as *Idiot's Delight*, *et al.* But the whole code picture clearly emphasizes the gulf between the screen and the stage and indicates what the position of the theatre might be like under some constituted dictatorship such as that of Will Hays, Joseph Breen, or Eric Johnston.

Specifies the code:

Motion pictures made in the United States are, with a few exceptions, produced in accordance with the provisions of a Production Code. A majority of the foreign pictures, exhibited in theatres here, likewise conform to these self-imposed industry rules and regulations. In Hollywood, there is a department of the Association, with an office also in New York, known as the Production Code Administration which was organized by the Motion Picture Producers and Distributors of America, Inc., and which is authorized and maintained by the producing companies using it. The group which forms this Administration has been empowered . . . to make certain that the articles of the Production Code are uniformly and impartially interpreted and applied. All the major producing and distributing companies in the United States, and ninety-nine per cent of the others, work with and through the Production Code Administration. Very few of the producers of English-dialogue motion pictures now being publicly exhibited in theatres in the United States fail to make use of the facilities of the Code Administration.

Irrespective of the quality or lack of quality of the plays mentioned and simply as a study in the two freedoms, here, roughly, is what the general situation of the stage would be if a similar code were in strict application. (The Hollywood code regulations and specifications are set off in quotation marks.)

II

1. "No picture shall be produced which will lower the moral standards of those who see it. Hence the sympathy of the audience shall never be thrown to the side of crime, wrongdoing, evil or sin."

A few examples of the plays which, under the ruling, could not without alterations be produced in the theatre: *Camille*, *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray*, *The Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith*, *Magda*, *Mrs. Dane's Defence*, *Rose Bernd*, *Honor*, *Lady Windermere's Fan*, *Monna Vanna*, *Maternity*, etc.; in short, the plays of Dumas, Pinero, Sudermann, Jones, Hauptmann, Wilde, Maeterlinck, Brieux, et al., along with such as *Raffles*, *The Last of Mrs. Cheyney*, *Jim*, *the Penman*, *Arsène Lupin*, *Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford*, etc.

2. "Correct standards of life, subject only to the requirements of drama and entertainment, shall be presented."

This would eliminate many such plays as Gorki's *Night Refuge*, Wedekind's *Earth Spirit* and *Pandora's Box*, Strindberg's *Countess Julie*, Houghton's *Hindle Wakes*, Guitry's *Sleeping*

Partners among a dozen of his other plays, together with at least one-third of the comedy and farce produce of France, and innumerable others.

3. "Law, natural or human, shall not be ridiculed, nor shall sympathy be created for its violation."

On the *index expurgatorius* would be Galsworthy's *Justice*, Brieux's *The Red Robe*, Veiller's *Within the Law*, et al.

4. "Crimes against the law shall never be presented in such a way as to throw sympathy with the crime as against law and justice."

See the above paragraph. Add O'Neill's *The Iceman Cometh*, the Armstrong-Mizner *The Deep Purple*, Wexley's *The Last Mile*, Galsworthy's *The Silver Box*, et al.

5. "The technique of murder must be presented in a way that will not inspire imitation."

Strict application of the ruling would prevent production of plays like Milne's *The Perfect Crime*, Zola's *Thérèse Raquin*, such melodramas as *The Two Mrs. Carrolls*, Maugham's *The Sacred Flame*, Hellman's *The Little Foxes*, and a variety of plays like *The Woman Brown*, *Ten Minute Alibi*, *Uncle Harry*, *Hand in Glove*, *Dark Hammock*, etc.

6. "Brutal killings are not to be presented in detail."

Van Druten's *Leave Her to Heaven*, for just one example, would be denied production.

7. "Revenge in modern times shall not be justified."

Prohibited would be O'Neill's

Mourning Becomes Electra, Anderson's *Winterset*, Roland West's *The Unknown Purple*, *Beggars Are Coming to Town*, *Flamingo Road*, etc., etc.

8. "Theft, robbery, safe-cracking . . . should not be detailed in method."

Plays falling under the ban would be many like *Turn to the Right*, *Alias Jimmy Valentine*, et al.

9. "With special reference to the crime of kidnapping, or illegal abduction, such stories are acceptable only when the kidnapping or abduction is (a) not the main theme of the story; (b) the person kidnapped is not a child; (c) there are no details of the crime of kidnapping"; etc.

No such play as the successful Steele-Mitchell *Post Road* could be shown.

10. "Methods of smuggling should not be presented."

Which would interfere with plays like *Twelve Miles Out*, etc.

11. "Illegal drug traffic must never be presented."

Illegal drug traffic has flourished unhampered on the stage since the early days of *The Queen of the Opium Ring* and the later *Wooden Kimono*.

12. "The use of liquor in American life, when not required by the plot or for proper characterization, must not be shown."

Imagine the fate of dozens of English drawing-room comedies with their casual sherries and whisky and sodas and "Won't you join me in a spot?" Imagine also, minus its casual liquor, Saroyan's *The Time of Your Life* and

Love's Old Sweet Song, the beer picnic of *The American Way*, the banquet of *A Parisian Romance*, and countless comedies like *Born Yesterday* and musicals like *The Merry Widow*, *The Student Prince* and *Blossom Time*.

III

We come to Sex.

1. "The sanctity of the institution of marriage and the home shall be upheld."

Censored would be at least five of Strindberg's best plays, Shaw's *Getting Married* and *Misalliance*, Ibsen's *A Doll's House*, scores of such plays as *O Mistress Mine* and *The Pirate*, and about two-thirds of the modern French drama. Also Brieux's *The Three Daughters of M. Dupont*, Coward's *Design for Living*, Chekhov's *Uncle Vanya*, O'Neill's *Strange Interlude*, *Desire under the Elms* and *Welded*, Hauptmann's *Gabriel Schilling's Flight*, Hervieu's *The Nippers*, Maugham's *The Circle*, etc.

2. "Adultery and illicit sex . . . must not be explicitly treated or justified, or presented attractively."

Banned would be countless plays like O'Neill's *Anna Christie*, Donnay's *The Family Boarding House*, Lonsdale's *Spring Cleaning*, Behrman's *Biography*, Franken's *Outrageous Fortune*, et al.

3. "Excessive and lustful kissing, lustful embraces . . . are not to be shown."

Though *Sapho* was pounced upon in the theatre, it was subsequently freed

by the courts and its excessive and lustful kissing and embraces were given a clean slate. Further examples: *A Fool There Was*, Odets' *Clash by Night*, *Cobra*, *The Postman Always Rings Twice* (which had to suffer much soft-soaping before it could be shown on the screen), etc.

4. "Seduction or rape should never be more than suggested. . . . They must never be shown by explicit method."

Impossible of production would have been Tolstoi's *Resurrection*, *Lucrèce*, *Johnny Belinda*, *Of Mice and Men*, *Brother Cain*, *The Voice of the Turtle*, *Dark of the Moon*, *The Primrose Path*, et al.

5. "They [scenes of seduction and rape] are never the proper subject for comedy."

Impossible, too, would have been *Strictly Dishonorable*, among others.

6. "Sex perversion or any inference to it is forbidden."

No plays like the following could be shown: Sophocles' *Ædipus*, Ford's *'Tis Pity She's a Whore*, and Donnay's *Lysistrata*, along with *The Green Bay Tree*, *Oscar Wilde*, *The Children's Hour*, Lenormand's *Simoon*, *One-Man Show*, *The Barretts of Wimpole Street*, O'Neill's *Mourning Becomes Electra*, *The Cenci*, *Outrageous Fortune*, Sartre's *Behind Closed Doors*, et al.

7. "White slavery shall not be treated."

Plays, among others, that have freely treated the subject: *The Lure*, *The Shanghai Gesture*, etc.

8. "Miscegenation [sex relationship

between the white and black races] is forbidden."

The stage would not be privileged O'Neill's *All God's Chillun Got Wings*, Sheldon's and MacArthur's *Lulu Belle*, Langston Hughes' *Mulatto*, Raphaelson's *White Man*, Smith's *Strange Fruit*, Green's *In Abraham's Bosom*, or Shakespeare's *Othello*.

9. "Sex hygiene and venereal diseases are not proper subjects for theatrical motion pictures."

Under the ban would come Brieux's *Damaged Goods*, Echegaray's *The Son of Don Juan*, Sundgaard's *Spirochete*, *Pick-up Girl*, *The Green Hat*, *I Must Love Someone*, etc.

10. "Scenes of actual child birth, in fact or in silhouette, are never to be presented."

Among plays that could not be produced would be Rice's *A New Life*, Eckstein's *Christmas Eve*, etc.

IV

We come to Vulgarity.

1. "The treatment of low, disgusting, unpleasant, though not necessarily evil, subjects should be guided always by the dictates of good taste and a proper regard for the sensibilities of the audience."

The ax would fall indiscriminately on *Tobacco Road*, *Maid in the Ozarks*, *Tortilla Flat*, *The Great Magoo*, *Battle of Angels*, *Salome*, *The Lower Depths*, certain scenes in Shakespeare in which Falstaff figures, among them the tavern scene in *Henry IV, Part II* involving Doll Tearsheet, etc., etc.

2. "Obscenity in word, gesture, reference, song, joke, or by suggestion, even when likely to be understood only by part of the audience, is forbidden."

It is easy to foretell what would happen to such scenes in Shakespeare as those like Hamlet's sexual animadversions to Ophelia, Katharine's dialogue with her attendant Alice, the bawdy business in *Pericles, etc.*, to many of the Restoration comedies, and to such modern plays as Guitry's *Wife, Husband and Lover*, Maurey's *The Benefactress*, Vincent Lawrence's *Washington Heights*, Brown's *A Sound of Hunting, et al.*

3. "Pointed profanity and every other profane or vulgar expression, however used, is forbidden."

Censored would be portions of all kinds of plays like *The Iceman Cometh*, *Born Yesterday*, *The Front Page*, *Five Star Final*, *Is Zat So?*, *Dead End*, *Jarnegan*, *The Hairy Ape*, *Lifeline*, *Sailor, Beware!*, *Chicken Every Sunday*, *What Price Glory?*, etc.

4. "No approval by the Production Code Administration shall be given to the use of words and phrases included in, but not limited to, the following: Alley cat and broad (applied to a woman); Bronx cheer, cocotte, God, Lord, Jesus, Christ (unless used reverently), cripes, fanny, fairy, fire (cries of), Gawd, goose (in a vulgar sense), hot (applied to a woman), in your hat, louse, lousy, Madam (relating to prostitution), nuts, pansy, razzberry, slut, son-of-a-bitch, tart, toilet gags, whore, damn, hell, Chink,

Dago, Greaser, Hunkie, Kike, Nigger, Wop."

"Alley cat" has been freely used in the theatre even as a play's title. "Broad" has figured in all kinds of plays like *Born Yesterday* and musical shows like *Pal Joey*. "Bronx cheer" is common. "Cocotte" is present in at least thirty or forty adapted French plays. "God" and "Lord" are heard almost weekly. "Jesus" is heard not only in Shakespeare but in all kinds of plays dealing with soldiers. So, too, in the latter is "Christ." "Cripes," "fanny" and "fairy" are perfectly familiar theatrical expressions. Cries of "fire" have not been confined to *The Still Alarm* and the Edward Ellis short play done by the Holbrook Blinn company at the Princess. "Gawd" is a standby of female comics. "Goose" has been ventilated before and since *Chicken Every Sunday*. "Hot," "in your hat," "louse" and "lousy" have been used in everything from *Is Zat So?* to the Winter Garden shows. "Madam" has figured in *Mahogany Hall*, *Morals*, *All That Glitters*, *Behind Red Lights, etc., etc.* "Nuts" has seldom been absent from the "tough mug" comedies; "pansy" has appeared in the Cantor and Jolson shows and others; and "razzberry" in dozens. "Slut" has been used in Maugham's *Our Betters*, in three or four Al Woods exhibits, and in the plays of many Broadway playwrights. "Son-of-a-bitch" figures in *The Front Page*, *Spread Eagle*, *Born Yesterday* and many others. "Tart" is to be found in *Ladies of the Evening*, *The*

Greeks Had a Word for It, et al. Toilet gags have been a favorite in various George Abbott productions and Olsen and Johnson shows. "Whore" is found freely in O'Neill, among others, and in the titles of such plays as Ford's *'Tis Pity She's a Whore* and Dekker's *The Honest Whore*. "Damn" has figured in even the titles of such plays as *Damn Your Honor*, *Damn the Tears, et al.*, in innumerable plays like *Swan Song*, and "God damn" in the climax of Clyde Fitch's *The City*. "Hell" has been used in scores of plays and served in the final curtain line of *The Easiest Way*. "Chink" is found in Hoyt's *A Trip to Chinatown*, among a dozen or more others; "Dago" and "Wop" in *Lombardi, Ltd.*, *Moon over Mulberry Street, etc.*, *etc.*; and "Greaser" and "Hunkie" in many Mexican and Western and labor plays respectively. "Kike" is heard in Chodorov's *Common Ground*, and "Nigger" in the titles of *Nigger Rich* and Sheldon's *The Nigger* and in many plays about Negroes like *Strange Fruit*, *Jeb* and *On Whitman Avenue*.

V

We come to Costume.

1. "Complete nudity is never permitted. This includes nudity in fact or in silhouette, or any licentious notice thereof by other characters."

Shows like *Are You With It?*, *Good Night, Ladies, etc.*, would be jumped upon.

2. "Undressing scenes should be avoided, and never used save where

essential to the plot."

Many musical shows would feel the ax. Likewise plays such as *Good Morning, Corporal*, *Courtesan*, *If I Were You*, *Summer Wives*, Clyde Fitch's *Girls*, Clare Boothe's *The Women, et al.*

VI

We come to Religion.

1. "No film or episode may throw ridicule on any religious faith."

Censored would be various plays like *Rebellion*, *Polygamy*, *Susanna and the Elders*, *Papa Is All*, *Revolt*, *Salvation*, Bridie's *Tobias and the Angel*, Dunsany's *The Glittering Gate*, and liberal portions of Bernard Shaw.

2. "Ministers of religion in their character as ministers of religion should not be used as comic characters or as villains."

This would exclude plays like *The Servant in the House* (*vide* the bishop), *Shadow and Substance* (*vide* the football-playing curate), *The Importance of Being Earnest*, *Rain*, *Bride of the Lamb*, *Elmer Gantry, etc., etc.*

VII

We come to Locations.

1. "The treatment of bedrooms must be governed by good taste and delicacy."

The ruling would interfere with such plays as Gantillon's *Maya*, *The Perfect Marriage*, *Catherine Was Great*, *Twin Beds*, *School for Brides*, Bourdet's *Times Have Changed*, *Her Card-board Lover*, *Baby Mine, et al.*

VIII

We come to National Feelings.

1. "The use of the Flag shall be consistently respectful."

Censored would be *Spread Eagle, A Man without a Country*, and others.

2. "The history, institutions, prominent people and citizenry of all nations shall be represented fairly."

Prohibited would be countless such plays and shows as *East Is West, So This Is London*, Caillavet and deFlers' *The Green Coat*, Shaw's *Great Catherine* and *Geneva*, a dozen of the better Irish plays, *Marinka, Polonaise, etc.*

IX

We come to Titles.

1. "Salacious, indecent, or obscene titles shall not be used."

Disallowed would be the titles of such plays as *The Demi-Virgin, Red-light Annie, Behind Red Lights, Sex, The Naked Genius, Virtue's Bed, A Modern Virgin, Slightly Married, Strip for Action, The Marriage Bed, She Lived Next to the Firehouse.*

X

We come to Repellent Subjects.

1. "The following subjects must be treated within the careful limits of good taste:

"a. Third degree methods."

Out with Charles Klein's *The Third Degree*, Bein's *Land of Fame, etc.*

"b. Brutality and possible gruesomeness."

Forbidden: Odets' *Till the Day I Die*, the Guignol shocker, *Vitriol*, Dixon's *The Clansman, The Duke in Darkness, Kind Lady, Professor Mamlock, et al.*

"c. Branding of people."

Prohibited: Menander's *The Rape of the Lock*, d'Annunzio's *The Daughter of Jorio, The Scarlet Letter, The Cheat, etc.*

"d. Apparent cruelty to children."

Suppressed would be *The Two Orphans, Oliver Twist, Little Ol' Boy, Hickory Stick, etc.*

"e. The sale of women, or a woman selling her virtue."

Condemned: Sherwood's *Waterloo Bridge*, Duke's *House of Assignment*, Bisson's *Madam X*, Walter's *The Easiest Way, etc.* Also *Night Hawk, Ladies of the Evening, Maya, The Yellow Ticket, Manhattan Nocturne, Pick-up Girl, Anna Lucasta, etc., ad infinitum.*

"f. Surgical operations."

Any play like *Sea Dogs*, with its sailor's hand chopped off, would not be allowed a showing.

XI

Amen.



THE FATHER OF BIRTH CONTROL

BY STEWART H. HOLBROOK

WHEN old Abner comes out of the jug," remarked his good friend, Theodore Parker, "he will come out like beer from a bottle, all foaming. He will make others foam, too." Boston's greatest divine was referring to Abner Kneeland, just then confined in a Boston jail for publishing a piece of literary dynamite quaintly entitled *The Fruits of Philosophy; or, the Private Companion of Young Married People*. The time was 1838. The Kneeland Affair was the beginning of the birth control movement in the United States.

At the time he entered the gloomy granite hulk on Charles Street in Boston, Kneeland was the most celebrated prisoner in the United States. He was also sixty-four years old, rather aged for a crusader. He was born in Gardner, Massachusetts, of stock that stemmed straight from Plymouth colony. He attended school in his native state, then in New Hampshire, and was presently licensed to preach in the Universalist Church. For the next thirty-odd years he held pulpits in New England, New York and Pennsylvania, meanwhile editing various religious papers, always championing liberal views, some of which were considered downright radical by

all except a few reformers. He came to know Robert Dale Owen and the fascinating Frances Wright, a handsome woman who did not endorse holy matrimony but admitted, from the lecture platform and to charmed newspaper reporters, that she was in favor of Free Love.

Kneeland, however, was no free love advocate. He considered formal marriage necessary to society; but in the matter of formal theology he was gradually becoming alienated from his Church. In 1829, upon the advice of the leading Universalist of the day, Hosea Ballou, he asked and was granted permission to suspend himself from fellowship in that church. Thenceforth he was a freethinker, and in 1831 he founded *The Boston Investigator*, the first Rationalist periodical in the country.

Two years before Kneeland published *The Fruits of Philosophy*, there had been one attempt in the United States to discuss birth control publicly. This was in a little pamphlet entitled *Moral Philosophy*, written and published by Robert Dale Owen of the New Harmony colony in Indiana. Owen's pamphlet was a mild and vague treatise in which he rested his case for the control of concep-

tion on the grounds it would improve the quality of the human race and elevate the position of women.

Then, in 1833, Kneeland used the columns of his *Investigator* to air *The Fruits of Philosophy*, which had been written by Dr. Charles Knowlton, an M.D. of Dartmouth Medical College who was practicing in Massachusetts. The study not only discussed the desirability of the control of conception but also said a great deal more about methods than had ever been said in print before. Shortly after its appearance in the *Investigator*, Kneeland was arrested. It is interesting, and perhaps significant of the town where it all happened, to know that Kneeland was not charged with publication of *The Fruits of Philosophy*, but with uttering a "certain profane, impious, and scandalous libel on and concerning God" in his periodical. This was of course hypocritical indirection of the worst sort, for it was soon plain that Kneeland was being prosecuted for nothing but the "obscene" treatise of Dr. Knowlton.

When the courts got hold of white-haired, mild-mannered and soft-spoken old Kneeland, they had come to grips with a man who knew how to get the most out of being a martyr for a cause. For the next five years his case was never once out of the public eye, and much of the time it took precedence over political news, even getting more attention than the boundary dispute with Canada. Hardly a newspaper in New England or elsewhere in the Republic went to press without some

item or other about Kneeland and the progress of his several trials. The affair got into jokes and jingles. Even women discussed it, privately, and it was a prime subject in all masculine haunts. Copies of the *Boston Investigator* carrying *The Fruits* were passed furtively from hand to hand.

Convicted at the first trial, Kneeland, who had excellent counsel, appealed. At the next two trials the juries disagreed. It was noted that in all of the trials the prosecutors stressed the fact that the accused favored the abomination of physiological checks on conception, rather than the specific charges on which Kneeland had been brought into court. Finally, in 1838, he was convicted and sentenced to sixty days in jail. Immediately a group of Boston citizens drew up and signed a remonstrance and a petition for pardon, among them such well known men as William Ellery Channing, George Ripley, Bronson Alcott, William Lloyd Garrison, Ralph W. Emerson and, of course, Theodore Parker. The Governor of Massachusetts, however, refused to pardon Kneeland. He was locked up in Charles Street jail and there he brooded for two months while he watched workmen erecting Bunker Hill Monument, across the river in Charlestown, to mark a spot where men fought and died for Liberty.

But Kneeland had waged a telling battle. As a result of the enormous publicity attending the trials, *The Fruits of Philosophy* went through edition after edition, reaching a circula-

tion of more than a quarter of a million copies in pamphlet form, an immense number for those days; and at last it reached England. There it was Exhibit A in the famous case of *The Queen v. Charles Bradlaugh and Annie Besant* and created a rumpus that for a time seemed to threaten the very foundations of Empire. It was won by the defendants, and is yet considered a great milestone, the first milestone, in the still continuing history of the dissemination of knowledge about a subject which many people consider of importance.

II

By the time Abner Kneeland was out of jail, the American birth control movement was under way — feebly, perhaps, but surely. *The Fruits* continued to be sold, openly in some cities, from under the counter in others, for another twenty years. No new contribution to the crusade was made until 1848, when John Humphrey Noyes, founder of Oneida Community, said publicly that the members of his sect, the Perfectionists, were “opposed to involuntary conception.” Somewhat later Noyes came out with a bold study, his justly famous “Essay on Scientific Propagation”, in which he held that the begetting of children should be strictly regulated and permitted only to adults of “high mental and physical character.” This was the treatise in which Noyes referred, favorably, to “the numberless adulteries and

fornications of Pierrepont Edwards” and remarked of that lusty jurist and politician that “corrupt as he was, he must have distributed a good deal of the good blood of his noble father, Jonathan Edwards; and so we may hope the human race got a secret profit out of him.”

Noyes’ ideas had little appeal to the mass of Americans, who never heard of the *Essay* and considered Noyes and his Community a pack of wild-eyed and free-loving yahoos, although it was generally admitted that Oneida Community turned out some pretty nice silver plate and excellent steel game traps.

In the 1870s the birth control movement received no little impetus from the efforts of Dr. Edward Bliss Foote, a New Yorker, who was arrested by the ineffable Anthony Comstock for distributing a contraceptive device through the postoffice. Dr. Foote’s trial in Manhattan was shorter but almost as sensational as Kneeland’s had been. He was convicted and fined \$5000. Birth control advocates figured the publicity was cheap at the price. Dr. Foote’s son, Edward Bond Foote, also a physician, carried the banner for the movement into the 1880s and 1890s, being active with speech and pen into the first decade of the present century.

So, slowly, haltingly, and for the most part underground, various ideas about the control of conception permeated the more intelligent and literate part of the United States during the latter half of the nineteenth cen-

tury; and at the century's turn, in 1900, the subject received open scientific attention when Dr. Abraham Jacobi discussed it at length in the *Journal of the American Medical Association*. Six years later old Moses Harmon, editor of *Lucifer*, a periodical of radical leanings, went to prison, despite his seventy-five years, for printing an article on birth control.

Meanwhile, Dr. William J. Robinson, editor of *Critic and Guide*, and also head of the genito-urinary department at Bronx Hospital and Dispensary, had begun a spirited crusade. After publishing several books on such subjects as sexual impotence, sex morality, eugenics and marriage, he came out with a little volume called *Limitation of Offspring*, which made quite a noise. It was Dr. Robinson who induced Dr. Jacobi, then president of the American Medical Association, to support birth control in his formal address to the learned group. This was real progress; and a later president of the Association, Dr. William A. Pusey, attempted to have American physicians officially advocate birth control. But nothing happened. The movement was languishing for want of vigorous leadership. Margaret Sanger came fourth to supply it.

III

Margaret Sanger was and is a short, slight, good-looking woman possessing great courage, high intelligence and excellent judgment. She also had and

has — was obliged to have, indeed — an indomitable will. On her rounds up and down the teeming East Side she had been shocked, she said, by the effects of continuous child-bearing in the Manhattan slums and had been convinced that the poor would surely and always be with us, and sickly as well as poor, so long as they continued to bring huge families into the world of their poverty and degradation.

After several years of first-hand study, and much reflection, Mrs. Sanger issued in 1914 the first number of *The Woman Rebel*, which proposed in no mealy-mouthed fashion to give free information about the control of conception. Here was a fresh and vigorous voice. The periodical was promptly barred from the mails. Later it was admitted to the mails, then barred again, and at last suppressed. Mrs. Sanger was arrested and jailed — the first of many such occasions for her. In 1916 she was arrested again, this time for conducting a birth control clinic in Brooklyn. She appealed, and although her conviction was sustained, the decision was held really to be a victory, for it opened the way for physicians in New York state to give birth control advice “for the cure and prevention of disease.”

Meanwhile, Emma Goldman had added birth control to her various crusades, urging it to her audiences in both Yiddish and English, and writing about it in her own and other radical periodicals. And Mrs. Sanger, “one hundred and five pounds of dynamite,” toured the country. The

notoriety of her arrests and trials assured widespread interest. Women flocked to hear her. The police of many cities arrested her as soon as she began to speak. She was jailed, fined and lectured by judges.

Mrs. Sanger now wrote a practical pamphlet, *Family Limitation*, which was secretly published and released at a number of widely separated points on an agreed date. At one period the going got so difficult she fled to Europe. She soon returned and picked up where she had left off. She interested two able woman physicians, Dorothy Bocker and Hannah Stone, who were of great influence in carrying on the crusade at a time when it was still dangerous to mention birth control in a public meeting or in any literature. She had a hand in urging formation of the National Committee on Maternal Health, organized by an old friend, Dr. Robert L. Dickinson, to whom, Mrs. Sanger has told me, should go immense credit for keeping birth control on a sound scientific basis.

Inspired by the good sense and eloquence of Mrs. Sanger, many small groups interested in the subject merged to form the American Birth Control League through which, despite strong opposition by the Catholic Church and a few other religious bodies, the crusade was to flourish and gradually to establish birth control clinics in many states. The campaign to accomplish this much had required almost a century. And in

1937, a hundred years after Abner Kneeland's conviction in Boston, the American Medical Association, after long meditation and much argument, came out for birth control under medical supervision. Two years later there were 361 birth control clinics in forty-two states, one in Hawaii, one in Puerto Rico, one in the District of Columbia. (The states having no clinics in 1940 were Idaho, Louisiana, Mississippi, Montana, Nevada, Utah.)

But formally organized clinics are not the only indicator of the spread of ideas about control of conception. Nothing, perhaps, is more indicative of public trends in many things than the fat catalogues of the big mail-order houses. The catalogue of the largest of them, according to an interesting study by David L. Cohn, contained nothing of a contraceptive nature prior to 1926. Nine years later the same house required an entire closely printed page to describe its contraceptive wares. In 1940 the same house needed two such pages to list the various apparatus and chemicals which, despite the inspired euphemisms of copy writers, could only be described as contraceptive material. If, as is generally supposed, the chief customers of the mail-order houses live in rural America, then the wives of farmers, more often than not remote from birth control clinics, are not wholly in ignorance of the crusade started by white-haired old Abner Kneeland in Boston a little more than one hundred years ago.

PROGRESS IN SCIENCE

BY EUGENE H. KONE

Astronomy

THE astronomer can no longer be thought of simply as the tiny little professor peering through an outlandishly large telescope at comets and stars. He's a handy man to have around an atomic bomb laboratory, as the work of astronomers in the war demonstrated, and he can talk the jargon of the atom smashers with the best of them. The astronomer is at home in mathematics also and he daily puts to test the theories laid down by Einstein and others. Because the astronomer must invade the physics laboratory to explain his observations of the stars and planets, a new breed of scientist has developed, the astrophysicist, who is an expert in both fields.

The astronomer and the physicist have been linked throughout the work which enabled man to unleash atomic energy in its most violent and destructive form. The exploding atom bomb provided the practical demonstration of the theories of twentieth century physics, many of which de-

pended upon astronomy for their origin and proof.

Astronomy has been able to discover and demonstrate simple natural laws to explain the universe about us. Now it is the physicist's turn. Using the findings of astronomy to explain what takes place in a universe that can be seen only by a telescope, the physicist is trying to lay down basic theories about atoms and electrons which are invisible even in the highest-powered microscopes.

That masterpiece of atomic energy, the sun, affords a vivid demonstration of the link between the sciences. The method by which atomic energy is released in the fission of Uranium 235 provides clues to the way in which the sun operates. It has been known for a long time that no mere burning such as occurs in your household furnace would account for the enormous heat generated by the sun each instant. To provide an illustration of how hot the sun really is, an astronomer friend suggested to me that if all the discovered and undiscovered oil reserves on the face of the earth were burned

EUGENE H. KONE, formerly director of the Yale University News Bureau and a communications officer in the United States Navy, was recently appointed editor of the history of Yale in World War II. He has written scientific articles for newspapers and magazines. "Progress in Science" will hereafter appear in THE AMERICAN MERCURY several times a year.

simultaneously, the heat generated by this fire would equal only what the sun pours out each five-thousandth of a second.

The only reasonable basis for explaining this phenomenon is the principle laid down by Einstein as part of his theory of relativity, to the effect that the old law of the conservation of matter is wrong — matter *can* be destroyed. When matter is annihilated it is converted into prodigious energy: the center of the sun boils continuously at 30 million degrees Fahrenheit.

Now the most dramatic work being done to unlock the mysteries of the heavens is a gigantic assault on the inner and outer fringes of the earth's atmosphere by means of robot rockets and stratosphere planes. The astronomers and physicists are joining forces to find out what is new on the surface of the moon, how cosmic rays act and what their radioactive strength might be, and what the temperatures and pressures are hundreds of miles above the earth.

These thrusts into outer space will be given their greatest impetus when atomic energy has finally been harnessed as a driving fuel. If atomic power can be used soon to propel rockets — one pound of man-produced atomic energy being equal to ten million pounds of gasoline — then a journey to the moon or more distant planets becomes an immediate possibility.

The Army Air Forces has announced that research under way

might produce a rocket to the moon within the next eighteen months. Future development of these rockets, according to the present plans of Dr. J. A. Hutcheson of the Westinghouse Research Laboratories, will include a one-hundred-pound radio transmitter which will be able to send signals *via* ultra-high-frequency waves across the 240,000 miles that separate the moon from the earth. Instruments on the rocket will disclose to listeners such data as whether or not moisture exists on the surface of the moon, as is now believed.

Perhaps one of the greatest advances in our knowledge of the universe will take place when the astronomers are able to use atomic energy by mounting a flying observatory in space, at distances several hundred miles above the earth. Up to now, all telescopes which have observed the stars and planets have of necessity been located within our own atmosphere. Consequently any picture that is obtained of our own sun, or of the distant stars which are also suns, have been distorted and incomplete and subject to qualifications.

But World War II has changed all this. The astronomer now visualizes a flying observatory, propelled by atomic energy and controlled by remote radio signals. On a rocket or plane he hopes to mount instruments which take spectroscopic pictures of the sun's rays, collect samples of the outer atmosphere, and measure cosmic and ultra-violet rays. When experimental work has reached the stage

where such flying rockets or platforms can be made large enough, powerful telescopes will also be mounted. These telescopes will give us data which will be atmosphere-free; there will be no murk or haze to obscure photographs taken of the universe about us.

More than ever before, astronomy will now follow with keen interest the work of the physicists in using atom-smashing cyclotrons, cloud chambers for measuring atomic fission, the betatron and all the other armament of the men who wage war on the innermost secrets of the atom.

Here are some of the lines of inquiry that astronomers will now pursue:

1. *The Super Novae—the atom bombs of the universe.* A super nova is the sudden explosion of a sun which gives off a light so blinding that it is 100 million times brighter than our sun. Some astronomers have suggested that this explosion is the complete blowing up of a heavenly body as the result of a gigantic chain reaction (it will be remembered that the atomic bomb is set off by a chain reaction also). If enough information can be gleaned from the work now being done in atomic physics, perhaps some day the astronomers will be able to predict which suns will explode and become super novae.

The earth is of course one planet in a galaxy which, in turn, is a disc-shaped collection of 100 million stars and planets. There was one super novae explosion in our own galaxy about the time of the Middle Ages. This was determined from reports by

Chinese astronomers who said that a star shone so brightly it could be seen during the day.

2. *How the universe started.* Astronomic evidence now in hand points to the probability of a beginning three to four billion years ago. The scientist wants to know, "How did the universe start?" Two major theories have been advanced in recent decades: one, that all stars and galaxies originally were packed tightly in one enormous sphere, and that there was a violent internal explosion which blew the great galaxies in different directions; the other theory, advanced by Einstein, is that the universe is just another very large sphere with matter evenly distributed, with irregularities accounting for the continual stretching out of the universes.

To complicate the picture further, some astronomers have seen stars which have been gadding about the heavens so long that they seem to be "leftovers" from previously existing universes.

3. *Cosmic rays and other radiation.* It is known, as the result of observations made within recent months, that cosmic rays become more potent as the atmosphere gets thinner. This is another way of saying that it is wise not to climb too high without first studying the situation, since some cosmic rays are ten times as powerful as any radiation resulting from the explosion of the uranium nucleus in the atomic bomb. Before men can fly in rockets or planes outside our own atmosphere, special shields will

have to be constructed to protect the body from cosmic particles. Physicists who made trips in a specially equipped B-29 to study cosmic rays advised that such shielding may be necessary no higher than twenty miles above the earth's surface.

Astronomy, one of the oldest of the sciences, wants to use the brand new tools of atomic physics to further the never-ending inquiry into the nature of the universe about us. Itself a contributor to the fundamental theories concerning atomic energy, it now hopes to ride to the moon on wings provided by this great potential force for good or evil.

Physics

A DOCTOR sits in a blacked-out room. Facing him is a control board of dials and gauges mounted on a seven-foot column. The noise of pumping shatters the silence as the instrument evacuates air so that ideal conditions can be obtained. He peers intently through a lens mounted over a fluorescent screen.

In a special chamber a tiny wire mesh disc, about the size of a pin-head, has been slipped into place. Now an invisible flowing stream of electrons, energized by 50,000 volts, is bent into a concentrated beam which shoots at 93,000 miles per second toward the wire mesh with its prepared material. The force of the impact causes some electrons to scatter and others to be absorbed by the material. Those which remain pass through a series of magnetic fields which serve as

lenses and form an image on the screen.

The doctor bends over and watches closely. He makes a slight adjustment of the dials and then on the screen he sees what he has been looking for — a peculiar cluster of round, black balls. These are the staphylococcus bacteria — invisible germs which cause blood poisoning.

The scientist opens an air lock and carefully withdraws the wire mesh. Painstakingly he prepares a tiny droplet with a syringe and repeats the performance of the apparatus. This time, when the "staph" come on, the small illuminated screen shows a remarkable change. The black balls of bacteria have been transformed into cloudy, loose particles of gray matter. The powerful drug penicillin had attacked the poisonous substance and the investigator is able to see just what happened in a world invisible only ten years ago.

He has been able to do this because of the electron microscope, powerful tool of medicine and industry. It works like an ordinary microscope, but a hundred times more effectively by using an electron gun in place of a light source. The limitations of the conventional microscope were realized when it was found that if the wave length of ordinary light were larger than the object to be examined, the object could not be seen by the human eye. Scientists tried out every conceivable method of enlarging their view of the world of disease. They improved the lens system, increasing

the angle of the cone of light. Even ultra-violet rays were used; commonly called "black light," they are about one-half the size of visible light. The scientists were still unsatisfied. Then television research gave clues of how electrons could be harnessed to provide greater vision than ever before achieved. Newly developed theories showed that electrons under certain conditions act just like ordinary light waves.

The electron microscope also uses a magnetic lens in place of the usual glass lens. The electrons employed are infinitely smaller than the tiniest bacteria or virus which can be examined.

As a working tool of science, the electron microscope has been in increasing use for the past five years. There are at least one hundred now used in the United States, by government, industry and universities. Many were made and used in Germany during the war years.

This new research instrument is as remarkable an improvement on the conventional microscope as the latter is on naked human vision. The ordinary microscope magnifies objects up to 1000 diameters. The ultra-violet version raised visibility to 2000 diameters. The electron microscope reaches the breath-taking magnification of 200,000 diameters: at such an enlargement a human hair would appear to be as big as a giant California redwood. Now a germ which used to appear as a mere pinpoint under the ordinary microscope is seen to possess outer

shells and a very complicated internal structure.

Like any other tool of science the electron microscope has its deficiencies and drawbacks. Because of the peculiar nature of the electrons which make images visible, it is often impossible to get a vision of depth as well as of length and breadth. So a new step has been added, a process similar to electroplating the substance to be examined. This is achieved by metal evaporation under a high vacuum, solid gold or chrome being used for the plating. Smaller objects are brought into view and a much sharper image than was formerly possible is produced.

Medicine

THE mysterious Mr. X of medicine has been, and still is, for that matter, the virus. The problem of this parasitic agent is dramatically emphasized in the case of poliomyelitis, the dread infantile paralysis. Scientists are still far from certain how the poliomyelitis virus is transmitted, where it originally enters the body and what steps can be taken to prevent attack or assure immunity. In the case of the spread and prevention of other contagious diseases produced by viruses, such as influenza, smallpox, hydrophobia and yellow fever, the doctors seem to have the upper hand.

The electron microscope promises to tear aside the veil of conjecture about the structure of this agent of death. It has changed the definition of virus from "an infectious agent too

small to be seen" to an "infectious agent which multiplies only in the cells of living tissue."

The virus may be the nearest link between the living and non-living worlds. As revealed for the first time to human eyes by the electron microscope, a virus has many of the structural properties of simple, non-living molecules. Yet, when it enters the cells of an animal, the virus is able to multiply or produce offspring, and in the process brings forth the symptoms of a particular disease.

Most satisfactory method of separating viruses from other matter for purposes of examination by the microscope is by ultracentrifuging, whirling the material round at dizzy rates of speed (up to 1000 revolutions per second) until forces 250,000 times that of gravity cause the heavier particles of the virus to settle.

Early conjecture about the virus gave rise to some speculation that they might all be giant particles of about the same size or shape. The electron microscope has shown, to the contrary, that they differ greatly in their structure, each virus having its own basic characteristics.

The first virus ever examined by the powerful instrument was the famous tobacco mosaic virus, first isolated by Dr. Wendell M. Stanley of the Rockefeller Institute at Princeton, N. J., and first examined by him and his colleagues under the microscope at the RCA research laboratory. They have made electron microscope photographs, called elec-

tron micrographs, which show that the virus particles are shaped like rods and have a tendency to form crystals.

Now there is great hope that infantile paralysis virus will yield up some of its secrets to the new microscope. Dr. Joseph L. Melnick of the Yale School of Medicine, according to a report in the *Journal of the American Medical Association*, was one of the first scientists to see the polio virus under an electron microscope. He obtained matter from patients who had the disease and extracted the virus by whirling it for an hour at 39,000 revolutions per minute in the ultracentrifuge. When this was placed under the microscope, it was found that two types of molecules were present: spherical bodies and rod-shaped, threadlike particles. Similar results were also obtained in independent work carried out at the same time by Swedish investigators working in the laboratory of Nobel prize winner The Svedberg. Virologists have not yet determined which of the particles is polio virus.

Working with a modified strain of polio virus which produces paralysis in a certain species of rat, California workers have been able to identify spherical particles only. This was announced in a recent issue of the *Proceedings of the Society for Experimental Biology and Medicine*. Sufficient work on the human virus, to which only man, chimpanzees and monkeys are susceptible, has not yet been carried out to determine its actual shape and size.

Because the new microscope enables scientists to see viruses for the first time, new light is shed on immunity to disease. One possibility cited is that of enabling research men to see how viruses are attacked by antibodies, the substances marshaled by the body as the first line of defense against disease.

Another hopeful question raised by the microscope is the possibility that it may eventually be used to diagnose virus disease much as the optical microscope is now used in the doctor's office to detect other ailments caused by bacteria. Virologists also hope for insight into the mechanism by which viruses produce disease by watching them actually grow in body cells.

Limitations of the use of the microscope in medicine depend on how transparent the bodies are which must be examined. Like most cells, cancer cells are almost impenetrable to electron beams but it is expected that new and improved tissue cutters will overcome this difficulty. When success has been achieved, unforeseen differences between normal and malignant cells may be brought to light.

Chemistry

ELECTRON-MICROSCOPIC examination of textile fibers has shown manufacturers just how drops of dye cling to silks, cottons and woollens. As a result, they have been able to introduce more efficient methods of making and coloring the clothing you wear.

Smoke, industrial clays and insecti-

cides have yielded up their secrets to this microscope. Many smokes in the chemical industries are health hazards and investigators have been able to determine just how highly concentrated metallic particles are in their interiors. The clays used in bleaching oils have been seen through the instrument and predictions made of their usefulness. To cite one example: for some time scientists were puzzled by the behavior of two lots of lead arsenate, an insecticide. One worked splendidly and the other, presumably of the same chemical composition, was ineffective when applied to plants. Now they know how to pick the right batch of material, for the electron microscope showed that the insecticide with the very small particles did the best job.

When it came to examining metals under the microscope, new complicated techniques had to be developed. Many metal surfaces, no matter how thinly punched or sliced, are still "electron opaque" — the electron beam will not penetrate them and carry the image up to the fluorescent screen. Ingenious scientists have made molds of transparent materials which retain all the impressions of the surface of the metals and these "replicas," as they are called, can be examined successfully under the microscope.

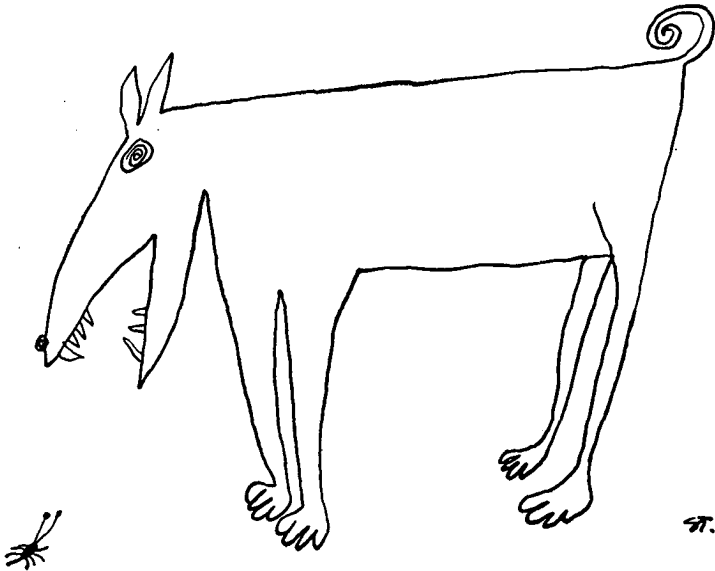
The metallurgist can do more than observe crystals and the surfaces of metals with the microscope; he can unlock the secrets of its molecular and atomic structure. By changing the usual position of the specimen under

observation, so that the object is revolved in a circular direction while the electrons pass through it, a picture of its atomic structure is obtained. This technique is known as electron diffraction.

Under the electron microscope the smooth surfaces of steel take on rough edges, a polished diamond looks very bumpy indeed and roller bearing surfaces appear to be rutted dirt roads. As a result of observations he has made of industrial metals, Charles S. Barrett, of the Carnegie Institute of

Technology, suggests that new polishing and etching techniques are needed in manufacturing. He asks for further work on developing better finishing agents.

As one of the most revolutionary tools ever developed by science, the electron microscope holds great promise of being a new right hand to medicine in the endless battle against disease, an invaluable aid to industry in improving its technology and a new eye to science exploring the mysteries of all matter.



DOWN TO EARTH

BY ALAN DEVOE

The Wholeness of Nature

THE world abounds in people who hold positive and inflexible codified views upon the great issues of the nature and destiny of the universe and the nature and destiny of man. But there are not many naturalists in this company. It is rare to find a naturalist who is furiously a man of ironly exact religious dogma; and rarer to find one who is in any proper and fundamental sense an atheist.

There is common among naturalists, as they peer out upon trees and rocks and stars and birds and all the rest of the incredible blaze of being, the simple and spontaneous feeling: Lo, here is a great Power at work. That much is a felt thing, a sensed thing; it is animal faith. But with regard to all the attempted deductions, definitions and formalizings wherewith dogmatists undertake to increase this simple and sensed thing into an intricate structure of creedal certainty, it is common among naturalists to retain a certain hesitance and skepticism. They are made cautious by what H. G. Wells called "doubts of the instrument," the instrument in question being the human mind.

To the consideration of a naturalist,

man is presented simply as one species, one life-form, in a universe of uncountable and various other life-forms: bats, wasps, weasels, spores, newts, foxes . . . an infinite proliferation of them, dancing the life-dance under our sun and perhaps under other suns. Man's consciousness is a little more intricate, and gives him a somewhat fuller and deeper look into the texture of things, than the consciousness of an orang-utan; as the consciousness of the ape is sharper than a hawk's, the bird's greater than a snake's, the reptile's awareness fuller than a worm's, the worm psyche more alert and knowing than whatever may be the central principle of a tree. But is it to be supposed that this instrument — this little flicker of sharpened ape wit, glimmering briefly upon a pinpoint planet — is in fact competent to understand and diagram That Which is the ground of being of the whole? It is difficult for a naturalist to think that any attempt to define the Life Force, any theory or theology that undertakes to assert the universe's whence and whither and significance, should be put forward more than tentatively and in the spirit, so to speak, of a guess or a poetry.

However, though naturalists may

be thus reluctant to dogmatize in exact definition of the infinite power and process that they capitalize as Nature, they entertain, quite as keenly as any theologian, an awareness that we are in the relationship of, as it were, children to a Father. Whatever Nature may be, it is unmistakably our begetter; and it is also unmistakably something to which we are creaturely and dependent. There devolves upon us a duty, as much for practicalness as for piety, of obedience. It is required of us, for example, that we exercise a thoughtful caution in tamperings and tinkering with that huge over-all harmony of nature's totality which is its "balance."

II

WHEN naturalists speak of "the balance of nature," they do not mean something static, though it is easy and popular to think of the balance in this false way. It is easy, for the stiffly religious mind, to think of God's establishing the creation like a set scene: rivers, mountains, animals, oceans, all in a state of such exactly equipoised interdependence that the scene will remain in a fixed state of unaltering perfection until and unless we disturb its elements' delicate mutuality. But the fact is that nature is not a fixed thing, not an establishment. It is a flowing thing, and an evolution. It is in change and progress. What was a sea-bed rears up and becomes a hill and then soars to a mountain; what was a snake be-

comes a bird and becomes a mammal; what was a stretching table-land contracts and crumples and squeezes up a ridge of pinnacled rocks. Whatever the Power personified as Nature, its work is nothing in the nature of fiat, uttered once and for all. Its work is a living continuum.

What a naturalist remarks, however, is that the flow of natural events is a very slow and gradual thing, and, inside the huge slow sweep of it, ingredient is in such relation with ingredient, creature with environment, environment with creature, need with endowment, life with death, that there is maintained amongst all the parts a felicity and an integration with the harmony of the whole. It is difficult to put the thing into words. It is difficult to avoid the suggestion of the kind of absurdity into which the old natural theologians used to fall, when they cited, in evidence of Divine Providence, the extraordinary fitness with which God had provided that so many large cities should have rivers conveniently beside them. But nature's repose-in-progress is nevertheless a fact. Inside the slow curves of the great sweeps of change, there is, as it were, a kind of moving stability.

It is *that* that the naturalists urge us to regard and respect. Nature, moving more slowly than a glacier, can bring it about that wrens, which once nested in the open, metamorphose into birds that now nest exclusively in holes, without at any time in the enormously long process faltering in the serene integration of the bird's changing

with the changing of the whole. In a thousand or a million years or two, a mountain wears away and a prairie is born. But in this given hour or that given hour, the myriad interrelated factors in the eon-slow shift are held — as though the scene were static forever — in a felicity for that hour.

No naturalist (unless possibly in Tibet) makes the suggestion that man's proper rôle is a total passivity. It is not suggested that he should merely lie back upon nature, lifting no finger in any gesture to influence the flux and current of natural events. No creature lives after that fashion; not even a woodchuck, not even a wren, not even the dace in the creek. Life means activity, and participation to the best of the organism's ability in the great current in which it is carried. The increase of activity means increase into greater life; the dwindling of activity means dwindling into death. What naturalists suggest is that activity should be thoughtfully *with* the directional drive and current of the natural whole; and that a whimsical and arbitrary neglect of that consideration can be disastrous. They point to such a trivial case as our importation of starlings.

III

STARLINGS were not a native bird here. Over the ages, our American land — and vegetation and climate and water supply and predators and all the unreckonable other factors that give to local evolutionary process

its special features and flavor — had brought it about that we had hundreds of species of birds, flourishing in natural community; but we had no starlings. We undertook to take them out of their Old World habitat and, in a quick transposal, make them a part of our community of birds.

The first attempt was made in 1847. It was a failure. The starlings were unable to grow, so quickly, into an alien natural context. We tried again, and again and again: introducing starlings in Ohio, Quebec, Massachusetts, New Jersey. Then in 1890 and 1891 a determined man, Eugene Schieffelin, made a particularly vigorous attempt, arranging for the loosing of the imported starlings, this time, in Central Park in New York City. The insertion of the birds into our natural economy was at last successful.

The insertion, indeed, was like the insertion of a wedge. The starlings did not simply accommodate themselves to the American bird-scene. They began to pry it apart. They began to breed prodigiously. They waxed hardy, omnivorous, and vastly prolific. They spread all over New York and Brooklyn; into New Jersey; into Connecticut. They ranged out a hundred miles and then another hundred. The bluebirds began to disappear from their accustomed nesting-boxes, driven out by invading starlings. The purple martins abandoned their community houses. Hugely gregarious, and with no habit of migration, the starlings took to congregating in winter on public buildings, in hordes of

ten thousand at a time. We spent hundreds, then thousands, of dollars, to drive them away from these roosts and to clean and repair befouled façades and cornices. The starlings spread out to Ohio and Kentucky and Nova Scotia and Florida, in a dark multitude.

Today, after more than half a century, starlings are slowly settling into their permanent and proportionate place as an ingredient in our faunal whole. A kind of balance has been struck with the bluebirds. Starling-diet has taken on a pattern with relation to the insect-pattern and the fruit-pattern. Gradually, tentatively,

starlings have established routines of migration. They have entered into a certain association with native black-birds. Nature glides forward, healed and whole.

The episode of the starlings is a trivial business. It is the more impressive on that account: indicating how minor an injudiciousness may lead to how wide a rent in the fabric of the general harmony. Move a bird irresponsibly, and we may topple a structure more complex than was dreamed. Cut a tree irresponsibly, and a desert may march over us.

A man may think, with Haeckel, that Nature is collectively the mani-



Starling

Frank Utpatel

festation of God. He may think in Lord Kelvin's terms of a Great Creative Intelligence, or in Emerson's and Thoreau's terms of The Oversoul. Or he may think it prudent to limit himself to no more than a naturalist's inescapable: Lo, here is a Power at work. But whatever Nature may be, it

is not to be denied that we are part and creature of it; nor to be forgotten that we are only one of the parts and creatures; nor to be forgotten, most particularly, that all parts and creatures have necessarily an interrelation and necessarily a subservience to the whole.



PYGMALION AND GALATEA

BY SAMUEL YELLEN

AND thus they come upon the winter of their lives.
Her eye, gem-like, carved with a sharp-edged tool,
Perceives too readily the clown, the dupe, the fool;
No matter with what cunning he contrives,
Caught in the hard relentless glare
He is stripped bare.
Where others see the cross and whiskered hag,

He sees a princess of ineffable charm;
His hand caresses a firm ivory-smooth arm,
Where other fingers trace the wrinkle snag.
For him alone is her throat philomel
Casting a spell.

A stately queen, she entertains his homage,
Accepts his abject worship as her proper due.
The image in his heart, how other than bright and true?
For she too has fashioned of herself an image,
And the image she carries in her heart is
Even lovelier than his.

ATLANTIS: THE LOST CONTINENT

BY H. A. CALAHAN

IN ONE of his many dialogues, Plato recorded the story of a poem which the great Solon had written, but had failed to complete, about the year 600 B.C. Solon was the great lawgiver of the Athenians, and in some respects may be called the father of democracy. He certainly was a great idealist and had one of the best minds that the world has ever known. Solon had made a trip to Egypt for the sake of widening his knowledge. He was well received there and in a town called Saïs on the delta of the Nile, the seat of the earliest Egyptian culture, he had a long and intimate talk with a group of priests who were most friendly and instructive. A bit of their conversation sounds very modern:

"Solon, you Hellenes are but children and there is never an old man who is an Hellene."

"What do you mean?" said Solon.

"I mean to say," replied the priest, "that in mind you are all young. There is no old opinion handed down among you by ancient tradition nor any science which is hoary with age, and I will tell you the reason of this. There have been and there will be again many destructions of mankind arising out of many causes."

The priest expanded on that idea at great length and then went on to explain that nine thousand years before that time, nearly 10,000 B.C.,

There was an island stood in front of the straits which you call the Columns of Heracles [Gibraltar]. The island was larger than Libya and Asia put together and was the way to other islands and from the islands you might pass through the whole of the opposite continent which surrounded the true ocean. . . . Now in this island of Atlantis there was a great and wonderful empire which had rule over the whole island and several others as well as over parts of the continent and besides these they subjected the parts of Libya within the Columns of Heracles, as far as Egypt and of Europe as far as Tyrrhenia.

The tale went on at great length, telling how these inhabitants of the continent of Atlantis waged war against the very ancient Egyptians and Greeks, how under the leadership of the Greeks, the Atlantans were beaten off and then how there came terrible volcanoes, earthquakes and floods; and how in a single night, finally, the whole continent disappeared beneath the ocean.

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It is a tremendous tale, and for many centuries it was regarded only as an ancient myth. The gods were all mixed up in it as they were in all the prehistoric folklore. There was the tale of how Poseidon took a human woman as a wife, set her up as Queen of Atlantis and divided the land of Atlantis into different parts which were distributed among Poseidon's sons. It was a land of milk and honey and great wealth and prosperity, with vast riches, mighty buildings, fabulous ornaments of gold and jewels, wise laws and a happy people. It had all the trappings of all the folk tales, combined with the dream stuff of all the tales of Utopia that have ever been written. It was taken as a bit of imagination, a form of Plato's well-known Socratic dialogues, in which he told a fable in order to make a point.

Nevertheless, there have always been people who have taken that folk tale pretty literally and have believed that there was at one time a great continent known as Atlantis somewhere in the Atlantic Ocean (which took its name from the continent) and that it did disappear in a single day, when the whole of the race was wiped out.

II

About the years 1872-1876, Germany, Great Britain and the United States organized an international expedition to go out and make deep-sea soundings of the Atlantic, not with

any intention of finding the continent of Atlantis, but simply to chart information which might have general scientific value and which, in addition, might give very immediate commercial advantages in determining how to lay future transoceanic cable lines. It had been found in the many attempts to lay the first Atlantic cable that the cables broke when they crossed deep valleys in the bottom of the sea, so it was desirable to find the shallowest water as a path for the cable lines. The United States Navy sent the ship *Dolphin*, the German Navy the frigate *Gazelle*, and the British Navy supplied the ships *Hydra*, *Porcupine* and *Challenger*. They took different zones of the Atlantic and proceeded to sound the entire ocean most systematically. These soundings revealed a great ridge of land exactly where Plato described the lost continent of Atlantis.

The particular ridge that seems to coincide with the Solon story is called the Dolphin Ridge after the ship which completed the soundings in that particular part of the ocean. The great bulk of this ridge seems to follow the general trend of the coast of Spain and Africa and includes the islands of the Azores. Below it there is a connecting ridge running about east-southeast, almost midway between the northeast coast of South America and the Mauretanian coast of Africa, to a point a little below St. Paul's Rock. This connecting ridge then makes a turn and runs almost directly south, through Ascension Island far

down the South Atlantic to and including Tristan da Cunha. This north and south ridge is known as the Challenger Ridge because most of the soundings there were made by the vessel of that name. The presence of these ridges has been interpreted pretty authoritatively as indicating that a continent has sunk below the surface, and the Azores, St. Paul's Rock, Ascension and Tristan da Cunha are believed to have been the mountain tops of that continent. They are all volcanic in their nature, and this seems to support the old tale that the continent was destroyed by a volcanic eruption.

Of course, an opposite theory is equally tenable, namely, that volcanic eruptions below the surface may have raised the ridge from the general level of the ocean floor to its present height and extra-violent eruptions may have pushed these islands above the surface.

Before the charting of the Atlantic was attempted and before there was any geographical evidence that the continent of Atlantis had ever existed, scholars began to pay more and more attention to the Atlantis tale, becoming less inclined to treat it as a myth. Baldwin's *Prehistoric Man*, published in 1871, just five years before the survey was completed, gave a great deal of serious consideration to the myth but interpreted the story of Atlantis as a reference to the American continents. This book contained much evidence of a prehistoric connection between the ancient peoples

of the American continents and the ancient peoples of Egypt. Certainly there are similarities between the Mayan civilization in Yucatan, Guatemala and other parts of Central America and the Egyptian civilization of the Nile. Similarly, the Aztec and Peruvian civilizations show an intimate relationship with that of Egypt. There are similarities in religion, in pyramid building, in mural decoration and even in the picture writing of these peoples. Baldwin even traced corruptions of the word Atlantis in ancient Indian language.

The trouble with Baldwin's theory is that the American continents have never been destroyed, whereas the myth says that Atlantis was destroyed. So there is a great deal to be said for the theory that the Dolphin Ridge was the continent of Atlantis that was swept away by volcano, earthquake and flood.

III

We know from geological evidence that man inhabited the earth before the end of the last glacial age. Most of the evidence seems to point to his living somewhere around the eastern end of the Mediterranean Valley, which was then a large, pleasant valley with two large lakes in it. It was not until the ice started to melt and the ocean started to rise that the Atlantic swept in between the Pillars of Hercules (the Strait of Gibraltar), flooded and destroyed all the lowland life around those lakes, drove the sur-

living inhabitants to higher ground and formed the Mediterranean as we know it today.

There is ample evidence to show that man did not move north until the icecap disappeared. The migration northward doubtless followed that of the sturdier animals who were well protected by their woolly and hairy hides from the great cold below the fringe of the icecap. The Biblical Deluge is to be found in the lore of nearly every ancient people: the forty days and nights of rain may well have been precipitation of vast quantities of evaporated ice and may have accompanied an excessive thaw of the great glaciers which raised the level of the ocean at a highly accelerated pace. Perhaps the loss of Atlantis was a combination of melting icecap, volcanic activity and a somewhat rapid subsidence of the land.

The racial memory of this sort of thing is tenacious. The same tale of a lost continent appears in Ireland, and it is my impression, though I am not yet sure, that these tales definitely antedate the time of the Renaissance, when the ancient Greek writers were rediscovered. Also, among the Basques there is a tradition that they came originally from a land to the west that has disappeared, and the theory has been advanced that the Basques are the direct lineal descendants of the Atlantans. The anthropologists certainly have had difficulty connecting the Basques with any surrounding race. They are an estimable people in all respects, sturdy, self-reliant, re-

spected by their neighbors. But they do not seem to be racially connected with any of the Latins who surround them. Their location on the northern shore of Spain and the west coast of France, bordering the Bay of Biscay, would be a logical place for refugees from the Atlantis catastrophe to find lodgment.

An enormous amount of research has gone into the exploration of the truth of the Atlantis legend, but much of it is unconvincing for the reason that we know nothing of Atlantis itself and are therefore unable to hook up isolated bits of evidence found in surviving races with a land about which we know nothing. There is much evidence of one single race of people having been spread over nearly the entire world at one time. It reached all through the Mediterranean area, through India, up the Pacific coast of China, across the Pacific and into Mexico and Peru. It belonged to the Neolithic age of culture, by no means the earliest known, and its date was not too far removed from the Solon chronology of the destruction of Atlantis. One of the outstanding characteristics of this culture was that it was obviously seagoing. At no place did it extend very far inland.

All these people in all these different lands seem to have had certain practices in common. One was circumcision. Another was worship of the sun. A third was the mummification of the dead. There is evidence that they all sent the father to bed when a child was born. They erected

monuments like those at Stonehenge, and there is an astounding similarity in those monuments wherever they occur, in their general characteristics, their orientation and their amazing persistence. They deformed their heads. They tattooed their skins. They had some conception, obviously religious, of an association between the sun and a serpent. And, strangest of all, they employed a little symbol of which we have seen too much in the world in the past few years — the swastika.

I recall a lecture many years ago at Columbia Law School by Professor Monroe Smith in which he described a law to which, as I recall it, he gave the name of "County Kentshire." In general, the English laws of inheritance of realty adhere to the principle of primogeniture, by which the realty descends to the oldest son. In certain parts of Kent, however, an exception is made to this general rule in honor of a very ancient custom in which the realty descends to the youngest son. According to Professor Smith, some scholar had noted that wherever this exceptional law applied, there were ancient relics of a prehistoric race. He proceeded to trace these relics in a thin, narrow line across Europe. Wherever he found the relics, he found observance of that strange law which decreed inheritance of the realty by the youngest son, and wherever he found the law, he found some relics of that same ancient race.

Can it be that these strange customs and observances all stemmed

from the lost continent of Atlantis, a land inhabited by a race so dominant and so powerful that it extended its influence over a belt extending around the world, long before the dawn of recorded history? The geographical evidence proving the existence of an Atlantis is not conclusive, but it is rather good. The anthropological evidence of the existence of a single race that spread itself around the world is really excellent. The problem is to join the two.

IV

There is one more bit of geographical evidence to which we must pay attention, and that is the evidence of the Gulf Stream. This strange river in the sea has an extraordinary effect upon climate. It gives to the British Isles a temperate benignity that is unknown in Labrador at the same latitude. It may be that the Gulf Stream, carrying water from the heated Torrid Zone to the edge of the Arctic, accelerated the melting of the great ice-cap and brought about the rising of the waters of the Atlantic that wiped out the continent of Atlantis. But when we look at the path of the Gulf Stream we may equally conclude that this stream did not exist at the time when the people of Atlantis could have been the dominant force in the world, but was set in motion by the subsidence of the continent, especially if that subsidence was accompanied by volcanic heat on a scale not theretofore known.

The Gulf Stream, once started in motion, might easily have persisted and continued warming the shores of eastern America and western Europe, thus accelerating the distribution of mankind, permitting northerly migration, encouraging thrift and husbandry, and laying the foundations for civilization.

Of these things we cannot be sure. Certainly no more dramatic tale has ever been written than the story of a great continent which disappeared from sight in the major geographical catastrophe of the world. We know that there exists a ridge which might well be the submerged portions of that continent. We know that the peaks of the Azores with their weird cobblestones and lava are of volcanic history and that they are certainly the tops of the mountain peaks of that ridge. We know that there is a Gulf Stream of speculative origin. We know there was an icecap which melted and which in melting raised the level of all the oceans and greatly changed the contour and extent of the land masses, and we know that a great and adventurous people of strange characteristics and strange customs spread themselves in a narrow belt throughout the world at an age not inconsistent with the chronology of the priests of Saïs who told the tale to Solon, who related it through the

mouth of Critias, his descendant, to Plato, who recorded the tale in a Socratic dialogue.

There is some possibility that the ridge which connects the Dolphin Ridge with the Challenger Ridge had an arm which extended clear to the coast of South America. The island of Fernando de Noronha, off the coast of Brazil, now utilized as a penal colony by Brazil, is probably part of that ridge. It may be that this ridge formed a land bridge to the continent of America and that by means of it this ancient race found its way to what became the Mayan, Aztec and Peruvian civilizations. The Solon tale seems to point to a continent which lay *beyond* Atlantis, and this may well be continental America.

There is evidence that Southern California was once a desert and that the hot and desert Yucatan once enjoyed the delightful climate of California. There is evidence in the Mayan remains that the characteristic flora of Southern California once bloomed in Yucatan. Then came some kind of climatic inversion. California got Yucatan's climate. Yucatan became desolate and unable to support the civilization which had sprouted there, and the Mayan culture disappeared.

We therefore cannot with any conviction dismiss the Atlantis legend as entirely a myth.



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Guide Posts for the Peace

By ARTHUR M. SCHLESINGER, JR.

THE grand coalition had won the war. The allied nations had destroyed the armies which once dominated nearly the whole of Europe. They had beaten the tyrant who threatened to invade Britain and marched on Moscow. Now they faced the problem of making the peace. It was the hope of the British Foreign Secretary that "at the end of so long a struggle, the several Powers might have enjoyed some repose, without forming calculations that always augment the risks of war." But disillusion was already setting in. The Foreign Secretary was soon obliged to admit that "the tone and conduct of Russia have disappointed this hope and forced upon us fresh considerations."

What was this "tone and conduct"? The historian of that peace has ably summed up its main characteristics:

Russia, having endured harsh suffering and achieved magnificent triumphs, was assuming an attitude of arrogant secretiveness which caused dismay to her partners. . . . The Russian generals and di-

plomats, moreover, having convinced themselves that Russian arms alone had liberated Europe from an odious tyranny, being intoxicated by the military prestige which Russia had unexpectedly acquired, began on every occasion and in every country to indulge in self-assertiveness and intrigue. "Well, so far as that goes," boasted a Russian general when discussing the impending Congress, "one does not need to worry much about negotiations when one has 600,000 men under arms." At the same time from the remotest corners of Europe, Asia, Africa and even America reports began to pour in regarding the presence of mysterious Russian agents and the activities of energetic and overbearing Russian diplomatists.

So, in an atmosphere of mounting international pessimism, the allies converged on Vienna in September 1814. This generation may in consequence be reminded that its own problems, its own hopes and anxieties, are by no means unique. In *The Congress of Vienna, A Study in Allied Unity: 1812-1822*,¹ Harold Nicolson has performed brilliantly the chastening job of re-

¹ \$4. Harcourt, Brace.

ARTHUR M. SCHLESINGER, JR. won the Pulitzer prize for history this year with his second book, *The Age of Jackson*. He is currently working on a book on Franklin D. Roosevelt and his times before taking up an appointment as associate professor of history at Harvard next year. During the war he served first with OWI and later with OSS.

calling that earlier victorious alliances have fallen apart when the enemy which brought them to life was finally beaten. As he himself describes the book, "It is an examination, in terms of the past, of the factors which create dissension between independent States temporarily bound together in a coalition."

Few people are better qualified than Nicolson to undertake this examination. A diplomat by training, a writer by bent and compulsion, he unites first-hand professional experience with a wide-ranging historical knowledge and a dry insight into the behavior of people under stress. His volume *Some People* is a small classic by virtue of the mordancy of its sketches and the precision of its irony; his novel *Public Faces* foresaw the atomic bomb as early as 1932; and *Peacemaking, 1919* remains one of the very best books written about the conference of Versailles. For all his cosmopolitanism, however, Nicolson is intensely English and a gentleman; and, though his intelligence and sense of irony keep the emotions thus engendered under some restraint, he never divests himself of them entirely, with the result that his objectivity is never so great as he pretends, and his irony is occasionally bottomed in complacency.

His style, characterized at its best by the casualness and economy which can come only from perfect control, is somewhat loose, studied and repetitious in *The Congress of Vienna*. But even an old and tired Nicolson has an

urbanity and wit which convert diplomatic history into a fascinating interplay of personalities and policies. His account of Vienna acquires further momentum from the obvious parallels with our current perplexities. *The Congress of Vienna* thus becomes for us the conference of Paris, seen as through a glass darkly, with Castle-reagh, Metternich and Alexander struggling with a simpler version of the problems which today are tormenting Byrnes, Bevin and Molotov.

II

The coalition which defeated Napoleon in 1814 consisted of Britain, which had fought him from the start implacably and in great part alone; Russia, his ally until the disastrous decision to march on Moscow; Austria; and Prussia. The Big Four had not been united in much else besides their determination to defeat Napoleon. "It is inevitable," Nicolson writes, "in any alliance or coalition, formed for the immediate purpose of defeating a common enemy, that the several partners should hesitate to disclose their ultimate ambitions either precisely or in advance." Consequently, when victory seems assured, the consciousness of separate interests tends to overshadow the sense of common purpose. The suspicions which inevitably arise among partners in a protracted war are free to flourish, and they provide an open invitation to the defeated enemy to manipulate them for his own purposes.

It is this context which charges with political meaning the apparently technical problems of organization and procedure. As Nicolson points out, "Groups of Powers, who might hesitate to display their divergence when matters of major policy are under consideration, show symptoms of disintegration when questions of procedure are discussed." This has been true enough for Hunter College and Paris, and it was spectacularly true for Vienna, where procedural discussions gave Talleyrand the foothold which would allow him to recover for France in the conference chamber much of the power that Napoleon had dissipated on the battlefield.

Once admitted to the councils, Talleyrand addressed himself to the problem of exploiting the British policy of the balance of power — that is, the program of so distributing international strength as to discourage aggression by any single country. The new energies of Russia, released fully for the first time into the continental arena, had upset the original calculations of Castlereagh, the British Foreign Minister. Russian policy had a double aspect, intensified by the schizophrenia of Czar Alexander, who saw himself on the one hand as the great conqueror and on the other as the great liberator: Moscow thus oscillated between programs of Slav imperialism and international reform.

Moscow's policy may not have been predictable, but its power was clear; and to Castlereagh and the British it

appeared, in Nicolson's words, that "far from having created a free and stable Europe [by defeating Napoleon], they had incurred the danger of substituting for French domination the domination of Russia." The key to the solution of Russian expansionism lay in the disposition of Poland and Saxony, and the wrangling over these issues laid open the gap between the eastern and western powers through which Talleyrand sauntered with such aplomb. Castlereagh required a strong France to counter Russia, and France was naturally prepared to cooperate. In January 1815 Talleyrand scored his signal triumph. The representative of the defeated nation, he persuaded two of the victors, Britain and Austria, to join him in a secret treaty directed against the other two, Russia and Prussia. East and west were split. "The coalition is dissolved," Talleyrand wrote to Louis XVIII. "France is no longer isolated in Europe."

Balance was now achieved in Europe, but at the moral expense for Britain of an alliance with her major enemy against her major ally. Given the new alignments, however, no single nation dared risk war; and the Congress concluded by drafting its Final Act, which the great powers signed on June 9, 1815. Thereafter these powers wandered into the entirely calamitous and reactionary experiment of the Holy Alliance, which finally drove Britain to the Canning policy of playing along with democracy and nationalism. Yet, for

all the social tensions in nineteenth century Europe, "the main provisions of the Vienna Final Act remained unaltered for a space of forty years; and the settlement arrived at preserved Europe from any general conflagration for all but a century."

III

We are obviously faced with a situation today which corresponds in many particulars to that of 1814. The United States has inherited the role of Britain, as Britain, in the enlarged world, has somewhat the role of Austria at the Congress of Vienna. The United States, geographically remote, still partly isolationist, desires world peace by means of balance of power; like Britain in 1814, it is committed to oppose the military domination of Europe by a single nation; like Britain, it is given to a lofty virtue on questions which do not affect its own strategic requirements. Britain today, like Austria a century ago, is compelled by geographical propinquity into relations with Russia at once more tense and more conciliatory. Russia is her old self — a fact to be underscored for people who think that Stalin invented Russian expansionism.

The cast of characters is pleasantly incomplete in that the Germans have not yet produced their Talleyrand. One such experience ought to be enough for a victorious coalition: in 1919 the Allies kept Brockdorff-Rantzau out of their councils, and in

1946 they do not even permit German representation at the conference (to the disappointment of would-be road-company Talleyrands like von Papen). Yet the spectacle of Molotov and Byrnes outbidding each other for German support shows how far a defeated country can get even without representation. If Talleyrand were around today, he would probably be shuttling back and forth from Moscow and Washington to Germany, his pockets overflowing with lend-lease supplies, food, arms and secret treaties.

Have we anything to learn from Vienna? The parallels are interesting but not, of course, conclusive. No one knows this better than Mr. Nicolson: "We can learn little from history unless we first realize that she does not, in fact, repeat herself. . . . If history can teach us anything it can teach us the folly of prophecy and the wisdom of patience." Yet he clearly does not regard study of the Congress of Vienna as a sterile or foolish pastime.

At Vienna a coalition disintegrated, but the disintegration stopped short of war. Why? The Congress has never been well regarded by idealists. It was conducted in flagrant disregard of high principle. Its chief architects — Talleyrand, Metternich, Castlereagh — are notorious as cynics and reactionaries. As Castlereagh told his idealistic critics in the House of Commons, "The Congress of Vienna was not assembled for the discussion of moral principles, but for great practical purposes to establish effectual provisions for the general security." Yet

it worked; it brought peace to Europe; and, as Crane Brinton remarked some years ago, "Had they been able to do what Talleyrand did at Vienna, I should personally have been glad to have several thieves and liars assembled around the tables of Versailles in 1919."

IV

The lesson of Nicolson's book is in part that power politics abide, and that, pending universal conversion to harmony and brotherhood, the distribution of power is likely to remain the best security against unlimited aggression. We might well at least start thinking in terms of power instead of the champing moralism which is the reflection of our long period of world irresponsibility. We ought not, for example, to believe so comfortably that our demand for a hand in the affairs of Poland or Palestine is motivated only by nobility of purpose, while the interest of any other power in Latin America can come only from crass imperialism. After all, one man's moral principle is another man's strategic base. Armies and battleships do not become transmuted into items of virtue simply by being under the American flag. We have inherited not only the British use of balance of power as the end of diplomacy, but also the British faith in hypocrisy as the means. Nicolson's book is based on a

way of thinking about world politics which is much more honest, realistic and to the point than the tone of moral anguish affected by too many of our columnists and politicians.

The second lesson from Nicolson is that power politics to be successful must be founded on actualities; in brief, that realism has to be realistic. It must never be forgotten that Metternich was a greater visionary than Woodrow Wilson, for the Holy Alliance was further removed from the political realities of its time than was the League of Nations. As Nicolson observes of Castlereagh, "He failed to foresee that his Security Council would deteriorate into a Pact of Sovereigns intent, not so much upon the prevention of war, as upon the repression of all democratic and nationalist movements. . . . The essential fallacy of Castlereagh's political philosophy was that by exaggerating the general need for 'repose' he sought to enforce static principles upon a dynamic world."

The equilibrium of Europe was preserved when Britain withdrew from the Holy Alliance and, under Canning, associated itself with the new progressive forces of democracy and nationalism: this was the all-important sequel of Vienna. If the State Department emulates the Castlereagh of 1814, it must also emulate the Canning who said in 1826, "I called the New World into existence to redress the balance of the Old."



THE CHECK LIST

THE SCIENCES

THE NATURAL HISTORY OF NONSENSE, by Bergen Evans. \$3. *Knopf*. Mr. Evans, who is professor of English at Northwestern, has here brought together a number of generally believed fallacies in almost every branch of human thought, and nailed them with references to the writings of people who really know. Among the fallacies he disposes of are the following: that immorality is nonexistent among brutes, that capitalism and war are part of human nature which never changes, that geniuses are feeble physically, that the teeth of wild animals never decay, that childbirth is easy among primitive peoples, that man is one of the feeblest of animals, that the Negro brain is undeveloped, and that wolves run in packs. Mr. Evans corrects these errors quietly, in good humor, and with vast learning.

NOT BY BREAD ALONE, by Vilhjalmur Stefansson. \$3.50. *Macmillan*. Mr. Stefansson here returns to one of his favorite subjects — the excellence of an all-meat or all-fish or mixed meat-fish diet. He rehearses the evidence he piled up as an explorer in the Arctic and in his nutritional experiments upon himself, and he also offers some relatively new anthropological evidence. The latter, in substance, is that man was a hunter far longer than he was a grazer or a dweller in the forests, and that hence his digestion is perhaps much better adjusted to an all-meat diet than to a vegetarian diet. Mr. Stefansson also is a firm believer in the value of meat fat in all its forms. As before, he makes out a powerful case for his ideas. There are two introductions, one by Dr. Eugene F. DuBois, professor of physiology at Cornell Medical College, and one by Dr. Earnest A. Hooton, professor of physical anthropology at Harvard.

MAN, AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY, by George R. Stewart. \$2.75. *Random House*. This is an

anthropological history of mankind told in the first person — “I, Man, having attained some maturity of years, feel a desire to write my autobiography. . . . I, Man, am thoroughly tired of the various so-called histories of me.” Mr. Stewart has obviously read widely in anthropology, literary history, religion, physical geography and the history of science. His chapters on the Greeks, Romans, Hebrews and the Christians are fascinating reading, somewhat unorthodox (though not so much so as Mr. Stewart seems to think) but well within the facts and probabilities. But the reader is constantly annoyed by the mannerism of *I, Man*, the narrator. His book would be far more readable if he rewrote it as straight anthropology.

BIOGRAPHY

BRANDEIS — A FREE MAN'S LIFE, by Alpheus Thomas Mason. \$5. *Viking*. Dr. Mason, professor of politics in Princeton, has devoted the greater part of his adult life to the study of Brandeis. This volume, indeed, is his third book on him. It is easily the best, the most complete, and very likely will be the standard work on him for many years. Dr. Mason has had access to many private files of the late Supreme Court Justice, and he has examined the public documents with vast industry and meticulous care. He is obviously an admirer of Brandeis, but he is not blind to his faults, which included his strange defense of Prohibition. He remains, however, one of the great judges in our history, a stout defender of the Bill of Rights, an unflinching advocate of human rights versus property rights, and a fanatic in his insistence that free enterprise be really free. With his friend Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes he hammered away for years at the concepts of the reactionary members of the Court. Brandeis and Holmes were so often at one in their opinions that the phrase “Holmes and Brandeis dissenting” has become classic. Yet there were differences between the two. Says Dr.

Mason: "Brandeis read economics as well as Euripides; Holmes read and re-read Plato. The results are clearly reflected in their judicial opinions. Holmes is the enlightened skeptic; Brandeis, the militant crusader." An excellent book, one of the best biographies of the last decade.

LOST MEN OF AMERICAN HISTORY, by Stewart H. Holbrook. \$3.50. *Macmillan*. This is a collection of essays upon some of the lesser heroes of American history — David Bushnell, inventor of the submarine; Jehudi Ashmun, founder of Liberia; Christopher Ludwick, who persuaded the Hessians to desert the British; and about three dozen others. Near the end are two chapters of especial timeliness — "Muck-rakers and Other Critics" and "In Praise of the Harding Era." Altogether a fascinating and highly readable volume, one of the best by a man who has probably done more than anybody else to bring to light some of the second string of glorious and colorful men and women in our past. There are a generous number of fine illustrations, and a good selective bibliography.

PUBLIC AFFAIRS

DINNER AT THE WHITE HOUSE, by Louis Adamic. \$2.50. *Harper*. Here is a perfect example of a writer economically squeezing the last saleable drop (in this case a book, where a more freehanded writer might have been content with a magazine article) out of his material. Mr. Adamic attended a dinner at the White House early in 1942; present were the President and Mrs. Roosevelt and Prime Minister Churchill. The description of the dinner is interesting, if not always completely credible, presented as it is in considerable detail and spun out with Mr. Adamic's running thoughts on the proceedings. The rest of the book is "Afterthoughts," repeating and reinforcing the thesis that "Churchill took Roosevelt for a ride," as Willkie is reported to have expressed it in a conversation with the author. So on to current world affairs, Mr. Adamic elaborating the argument now fashionable in some circles that our difficulties in foreign policy are rooted in a blind acceptance of the British lead, and a reactionary opposition to the Soviets. A readable book, but of dubious value.

COLOR BLIND, by Margaret Halsey. \$2.50. *Simon and Schuster*. During the war Miss Halsey met the "Negro problem" head-on when she joined the staff of a canteen which admitted both colored and white servicemen. Now she presents her conclusions in this informal, crisply written long essay. She believes that the best attack on the discriminations practiced in our society is to tackle situations piecemeal, as they arise, and always with the hope of immediate and practical results, as in the case of her canteen, which she reports a successful experiment in democracy. Her book does not in substance contribute anything fresh, but her manner, brisk, witty and pleasantly disputatious, makes her worth reading.

THE ARTS

JACOVLEFF AND OTHER ARTISTS, by Martin Birnbaum. \$7. *Paul A. Struck, New York*. Though the general public, even the art-conscious public here, is scarcely aware as yet of Alexandre Jacovleff, who died recently, specialists already rank him among the greatest painters of our century. The merit of Martin Birnbaum's brilliant essay on the man and his work is that it makes the reader aware of the amazing versatility of Jacovleff the explorer, the athlete, the gourmet, the philosopher. As the fine reproductions indicate, the Russian émigré's art reflects a whole world — everything from the most primitive life in the interior of Africa to the most cosmopolitan life in Europe. Other essays in the volume deal with aspects of the work of Blake, Rowlandson, Aubrey Beardsley, Marcus Behmer, Arthur Rackham, Hermann Struck and Anne Goldthwaite.

THOREAU'S WALDEN, *A Photographic Register*, by Henry Bugbee Kane. \$4. *Knopf*. It is now one hundred years since Thoreau began his celebrated experiment at Walden Pond. Several changes have come over the neighborhood, but in many ways it is still the same that Thoreau saw and loved. Mr. Kane, a photographer of high gifts, here presents photographs of the pond and its surroundings as they are today — and the result is a volume of much beauty. Mr. Brooks Atkinson, a Thoreau enthusiast of many years' standing, contributes a charming introduction.

THE OPEN FORUM

THE UNITED STATES AND THE USSR

SIR: "The supreme conundrum of our time" — Senator Vandenberg's comment on Soviet Russia's intentions, quoted by Max Eastman in his striking article [*"Behind Soviet Foreign Policy"*] in the September *MERCURY* — is not what Russia's foreign policy is. It is why the American people refuse to believe what Joseph Stalin has written for all to read, precisely as they refused to believe Adolf Hitler when he told them precisely what he intended to do. . . .

Less than a month ago I heard Dr. Jerome Davis, Congregationalist clergyman, and Dr. Frank Kingdon, Methodist clergyman, tell a Town Hall Meeting of the Air that we can remain on friendly terms with Russia. Dr. Davis at times seemed to regard suspicion of Russia's motives and plans as a personal insult.

I saw Hitler's whole rise to power from 1920 on. He told me quite frankly in 1923 that he would use violent means if necessary to overthrow the German Republic. Six years before he came to power I began telling my newspaper readers in America that his accession was inevitable and would mean war. They refused to believe he meant what he wrote in *Mein Kampf* and what he said in hundreds of addresses. Only a handful of trained observers declared to an unbelieving people that the surrender at Munich in September 1938 made war inevitable.

Mr. Eastman's so thoroughly documented brief in the case of Soviet Russia should put an end to the fatuous idea that there is any alternative between fighting Russia or being absorbed by her, but it will not end it. We shall see again that strange self-delusion, that refusal to believe irrefutable evidence, that tried to disrupt our young Army in 1940 and was defeated by a majority of a single vote in the House of Representatives. We are seeing, moreover, that same ignorant inability to evaluate the whole situation that was shown when Senator Robert A. Taft, replying to strictures by me on an isolationist address which he had made in the Senate, wrote me that he "simply did not believe that the defeat of Great Britain would make any difference to us or create a situation which could

not be met without any change in our democratic way of life."

Unless the American people decide to face facts and summon up the courage to act accordingly, some boy now living will become an historian and write a history entitled "The Decline and Fall of the United States." . . .

S. MILES BOUTON

Ashville, N. Y.

THE PROSTITUTION RACKET

SIR: Mr. Deutsch [*"The Prostitution Racket Is Back," THE AMERICAN MERCURY, September*] . . . follows his predecessors . . . in failing to suggest a workable, permanent solution of the problem. Many a potential thief is deterred not by fear of the police but by the difficulty of unloading his stolen goods; this difficulty results from the fact that the fence is equally guilty in the eyes of the law with the thief. Both parties to the anti-social act are labeled criminals and so the act is much less frequent than it would otherwise be. A similar attitude toward both parties to the prostitution would unquestionably produce a similar result.

Is Mr. Deutsch afraid to suggest that the customer be held equally liable to criminal punishment with the prostitute? Such equal liability would deprive the prostitution racket of most of its patrons. Arrest the customer when you arrest the girl; expose them both to criminal prosecution and punishment and the racket will soon die out. Let opposition to such legislative action become election-time issues when legislative candidates appear before the voters and the Customer Bill will become the law as did the Fence Bill.

EMILY MARX

Alstead, N. H.

SIR: Regarding Albert Deutsch's article. . . . It appears to me that, in his alarm at the natural, though perhaps deplorable resurgence of prostitution, he has overlooked the most virulent and hardest to eradicate category of disease spreader.

The one I have in mind is the amateur variety. . . . Her bagnio is the wide-open spaces and beyond the supervision and beneath the

notice of the would-be guardians of the public morals. As well as being a fruitful, because of her youth and ignorance, source of infection, she is also a source of recruitment for the bagnio. I refer you to the books of Dr. Magnus Hirschfeld, especially the one titled *The Sexual History of the World War*, and suggest that Mr. Deutsch read that book before he pats the Federal Social Protection Division on the back further. Reformers . . . are notorious for overlooking certain vital statistics that wouldn't look so good in their reports and playing up others that, while apropos enough, tend to prove their point at the expense of realism.

If conditions prevailing during and after World War I could bring about the results outlined by Dr. Hirschfeld, how could it be otherwise than that, with many more millions of people directly involved and a more prolonged bloodletting, the fruit of World War II would prove to be far more bitter? . . .

LV L. MILLER

Salem, Ore.

A WHOPPER CONFIRMED

SIR: Some months ago [April 46] the MERCURY published an article called "Inquiry on a Whopper," by Alan Devoe, raising the question of whether foxes ever "de-flea" themselves by taking a tuft of moss or other stuff in their mouths and slowly submerging themselves in water. Mr. Devoe asked whether any reader had ever actually witnessed such a performance.

I am unable to say what foxes' habits may be in the matter, but I can give a first hand observation, regarding another animal, which would indicate that the story is true:

Last summer my Boy Scout troop pitched camp in a jungle clearing, close to a sandy beach, on our island home of St. Thomas, Virgin Islands. One afternoon . . . I noticed that a large bush-rat had sprinted out of the foliage, about ten yards away, with a white fluffy mass in its mouth. Dazzled by the gleaming whiteness of the sand, it hesitated for a moment on the beach, then with a spring and a jump scurried down to the water's edge and struck boldly in, the white stuff held out of the water. A little distance out the rat released its cargo, paddled around it once or twice, dived, then headed back to shore. Hitting the beach, the animal streaked across the sand and disappeared into the bush.

Curious, I . . . waded out, and found the floating fluff to be a discarded wad of cotton from our First-Aid tent, *but now crowded with fleas*. Obviously, the rat had freed itself of its un-

welcome guests from the bush by offering them a soft downy bed instead of a cold ducking in very wet water.

FREDERICK A. ESANNASON

Charlotte Amalie
St. Thomas, V. I.

SIR: . . . A clearer and more effective answer in the affirmative to my *Inquiry on a Whopper* could hardly be wished for. . . . I find Mr. Esannason's report deserving of serious respect. . . .

ALAN DEVOE

Hillsdale, N. Y.

A FINE POEM

SIR: A friend of mine has sent me a copy of a poem which was published in a recent issue of your magazine ("The Tears of Love Are Frozen," by Grace Milburn, August 1946). . . . This seems to me a very fine if not a really great poem. The imagination is superb and expressed with great economy and sincere feeling. . . .

BELINDA JELLIFF

Huletts Landing, N. Y.

BLOOD BATH IN FRANCE

SIR: It was with the greatest astonishment that I read in THE AMERICAN MERCURY OF APRIL 1946 the article "Blood Bath in France." . . .

I am a Frenchman, not a Communist. . . . I fought during this war with American troops (Third Army, then First and Fifth Armies). . . . We disembarked in Normandy and I never did see the "Blood Bath" Mr. Robinson speaks of.

During this war French Communists were at the head of national insurrection. The FTPF were the first really organized underground troops.

When Allied troops arrived, some men who had never belonged to any organization stated they were FFI. Actually there were all sorts of people in FFI ranks, and it was very hard for the Communist leaders of those troops to stop individual criminal actions. It is very difficult to be obeyed by people when they see "vengeance time" coming.

Mr. Robinson writes: "There is no doubt that many of their victims were traitors who deserved to die." I will add: All the victims of Communist executions were undoubtedly traitors or "collaborationists," as we call them. . . .

Maybe, if all or almost all the traitors had been killed, we would not have Nazi-thinking men in France now. We would not hear talk of "anti-

(Continued on page 639)



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(Continued from page 637)

Communism," which is only a form of "pro-Nazism."

The French Communist Party since the liberation of France gives us an example of conciliation. Members of the French Government, the Communists did not try to give us a "Communist Constitution," but only a democratic one. . . .

Algiers, Alg.

G. BRISSON

SIR: M. Brisson declares in his letter that he disembarked in Normandy, and not in Southern France, the scene of the bloody Communist excesses which I witnessed and tried dispassionately to describe. Whether the Communists ran amok in Normandy also, I cannot say. I wasn't there. But I did see the blood running in Southern France and I do know who caused it.

Personally, I feel that the objectivity with which M. Brisson writes can best be judged by his startling statement that "anti-Communism . . . is only a form of pro-Nazism."

New York City.

DONALD B. ROBINSON

SEALED PAPERS

SIR: One has only to read "Trotsky on Stalin" [by Bertram D. Wolfe, *AMERICAN MERCURY*, July 1946] to realize injustice can be perpetrated against human knowledge in the name of respect and subservience to the living and dead.

Had Harvard left the papers submitted and bequeathed to posterity open for study and had Harpers published and marketed Trotsky's writings, perhaps our students of history and political analysts might have enlightened us on how to interpret the machinations of the mind and actions of Stalin. We might understand whether we are dealing with a nation or an individual Stalin.

In our own country we are repeating this same error and denying our people the contents of the private papers of Roosevelt and Harry Hopkins which are so indubitably entwined with our welfare they should be declared national property subject to public scrutiny. . . .

It seems unbelievable that we so supinely rest on the laurels of our forefathers or can be so simple as to depend on political parties and career politicians to enlighten us on the deceit and skulduggery of those entrusted with preservation of our country, its Constitution and traditions.

It does little good to vent our spleen in the columns of a worthy magazine if we do not join ourselves together to enjoin Congress to stop this political nonsense now and forever. . . .

Oxnard, Calif.

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ANSWERS:

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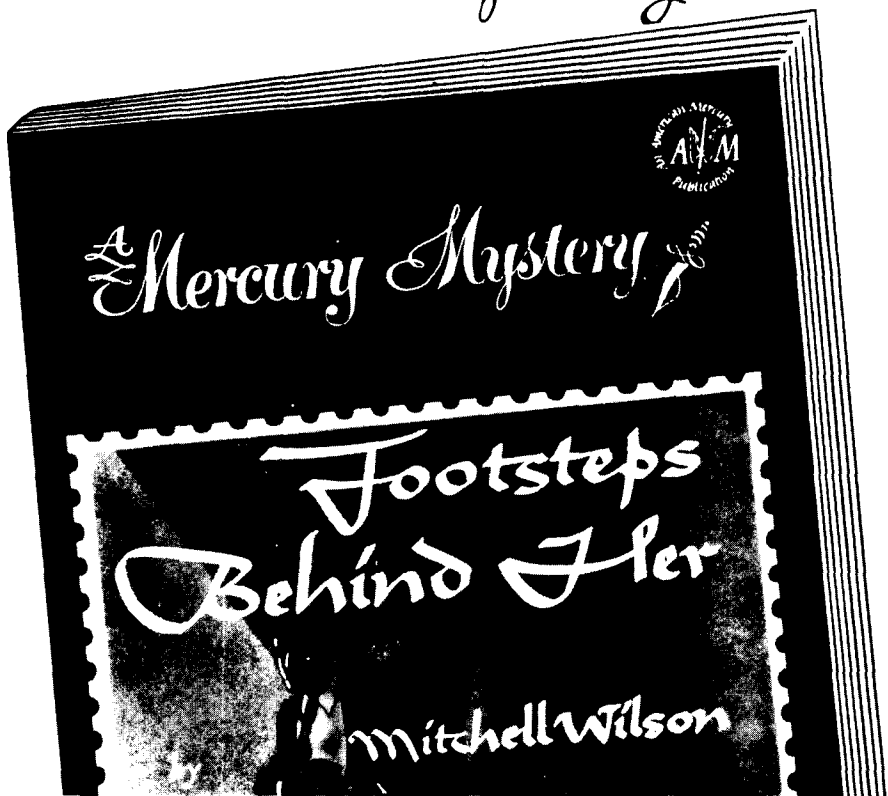
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